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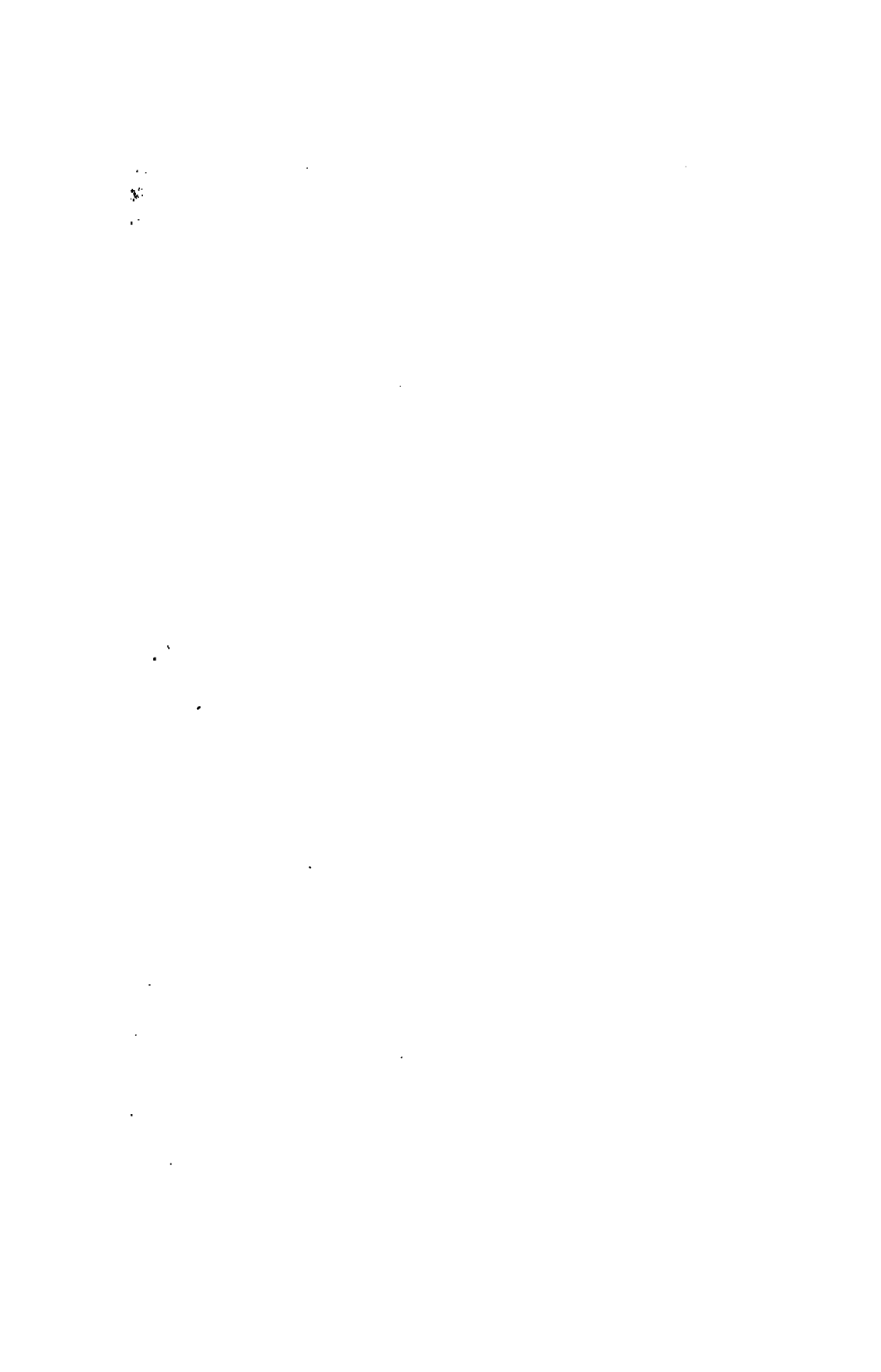
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Engraved and Printed by J. G. S. & Co. New York.





THE  
ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING,

FOR

1846.

EDITED BY  
PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW YORK:  
McGOWAN AND TREADWELL,  
68 BARCLAY STREET.

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NOV 1845  
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We shall not follow such examples. If our Book have failings, there will be no lack of *friends* ready to find them; and if it have merit, those who read will judge and appreciate: as to the Public, it is not to be hoodwinked by "much-obliged and never-to-be-forgotten" *expressions*.

Therefore, we shall only refer our readers to the Work, leaving it to answer for itself. They will decide as to its worth; they will see if our efforts to improve it have been successful. We may nevertheless remind them that the Matter is entirely original, and that the Engravings were designed and executed by eminent Artists.





We shall not *say* that every Brother should present this "Offering" to his lady; but we may hope that many Odd-Fellows will procure the Book for a Gift to those they love.

NEW YORK, August 23, 1845.

P. D.

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The Publishers would state that arrangements have been made with competent Designers and Engravers to furnish *eight* elegant Pictures for the Odd Fellows' Offering for 1847. That Work will be published in September, '46. It will be, in size and style, similar to the present Book.

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# THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING.

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## THE RECOGNITION: OR, THE DUAL SYMBOL.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING, P. G.

THE pen of holy inspiration hath written, that when the sons of the antediluvian remnant, in a spirit of disobedience of the commands, and of bold defiance of the power of the Omnipotent, made a covenant of eternal unity, and proceeded to "build a city, and a tower whose top might reach unto heaven," Jehovah sent forth the ministers of his displeasure, who overturned these progressing monuments of their wickedness, confounded their language, and "scattered them abroad from thence upon all the face of the earth." Notwithstanding there was witnessed, upon the plains of Shinar, these affrighted rebels bereft of the power of oral communication—the father and the son speaking to each other in strange and incomprehensible tongues—the mother and daughter, mute by reason of a want of a mutual articulate medium of expres-

sion—the ears of the brother sealed to the comprehensive reception of the words of a brother—bosom friends bereft of the power of interchanging expressed sentiments of affection—in a word, when the mouths of all that vast multitude were closed in silence, and mute astonishment pervaded the smitten tribes of Cush, there was still vouchsafed them, by infinite goodness, an eternal bond of union, too subtle for finite wisdom to clearly perceive and define, yet too strong for finite power to weaken or destroy. Although the tongue refused intelligible utterance to the creations of the mind—although there seemed to be an eternal separation, as if a wall of fire stood between the tribes of different languages, and that henceforth each must remain a stranger to the other, yet, not only there, amid the ruins of their folly, but while on their journey of expatriation to strange lands, and when dwelling in far-off regions, they felt this strong bond of union encircling them with its power; there was an unseen, but mighty attraction, upon which the spiritual eye perceived the *shekinah*, and the centre of which seemed at the prostrate Babel. This bond of union was *Brotherly Love*—human sympathy—spiritual unity. Its beginning is at the throne of the Eternal, its circumference is the universe, its end is again at the throne of the Eternal. Notwithstanding that sudden dispersion and con-

fusion seemed to scatter human society into a thousand fragments, never again to be united, yet infinite wisdom and goodness encircled the chaos with this holy bond, which the finger of decay has never touched, and which still connects, in spiritual union, the physically disjointed members of the human family.

When our primeval parents stood within the paradise of God, radiant in the beauty of innocence, and majestic in the power of truth, they were the direct recipients from Heaven of all its holy gifts to the coming generations of humanity. Upon them, the first of terrestrial creatures, was impressed the אֵרֶם וְהַמִּים a glorious reflection from the throne of their Maker. Upon this ray of light from the pavilion of Deity were borne to earth all that identifies man as the image of his heavenly Father; and now, amid all the darkness of the curse, amid all the deformity which sin has wrought in the visage of truth, amid all the clouds and storms of the misdirected passions which envelop the affections and darken the understanding, this heavenly ray, although shorn of its primal effulgence, is still reflected from the hearts of men, and is a constituent element of the eternal bond of spiritual union. And he whose heart is most widely expanded to receive this divine illumination, perceives most clearly this spiritual chain.



From a heart thus warmed flow out all the kindly emotions of universal benevolence, and over the broad surface of society they scatter countless blessings of peace and harmony, and return to the bosom from whence they emanated, richly freighted with reciprocal blessings. The savage in the wilderness feels its influence, and loves it for its goodness, yet knows not its origin. The enlightened Christian also feels its benignity, and reveres its holy office: he doubly reveres it, for revelation has taught him that it is the free gift of God. Yet between the Christian and the savage there is such a barrier of social repulsions, that this bond is sometimes so attenuated as to be scarcely perceptible, unless viewed through the media of symbols. It was thus for a wise purpose—a purpose higher than human perception—that men were taught, at the very dawn of social organization, to symbolize those great truths of the physical and spiritual world on which depended all their well-being. The antediluvians symbolized the powers of nature, not only by material objects, but by manual signs; and that most significant of all signs which symbolizes the dual powers of the physical universe, as well as the pre-eminent attributes of Deity, is, according to Sanchoniatho, coeval with the building of the city of Enoch by the son of Cain. It was used by the patriarchs before the

great-cataclysm as a token of remembrance : it was kept with the family of Noah, and exhibited to his sons when God inscribed his covenant upon the cloud ; and it was brought before the eyes of the rebellious Cuthites on the plains of Shinar, by Heber, the son of Shem, when he admonished them to refrain from carrying out their resolution of setting at defiance the ordinance of heaven. Nor did they forget it in their dispersion ; and to every part of earth's domain to which they were scattered was this glorious symbol carried, and cherished, any revered, by all upon whose heart was inscribed אִירִים וְהַמִּים It was a revered symbol in the subterranean temples of India ; it was deemed holy in the fanes of ancient Egypt ; it was used in the tabernacle and the temple of the Hebrews ; and at this hour, in all lands, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle, from the rising to the setting of the sun, this symbol is used as a token of remembrance and a sign of recognition, by all who are sealed with the אִירִים וְהַמִּים By every member of our brotherhood of mercy, who has passed into the inner adyta of the temple, this symbol is beloved as the sign of supreme excellence and virtue—as the primary, around which the lesser perfections of our Order revolve. As a proof of the truth of the foregoing remarks, I cite and produce in evidence the following testimony :—

On a sultry day, a few weeks ago, I arrived at that Mecca of every traveller in America, the Cataract of Niagara. I had passed an almost sleepless night upon the billows of Ontario, and made a weary, although rapid journey, during the morning, from Lewiston to the Falls. Weary as I was, it was with much impatience that I waited a half hour for dinner, so eager was I to catch a glimpse of the mighty wonder, whose voice was now audible. I proceeded immediately to Bath Island, procured a ticket, and was soon amid the lofty trees of the Iris, on my way to the verge of the American Fall. From thence, making a circuit of the island, descending the *Staircase*, ascending the *Tower*, wondering at the awful avalanche of the *Crescent*, and the foaming Rapids above, I finally sat down to rest beside the picket enclosure around the "Indian Burial Ground." Leaning my head upon my palm, I sat and mused upon the race now so rapidly melting away before civilization, but who once claimed and exercised sovereignty over this vast continent. My thoughts wandered away into the labyrinths of conjecture and theory. Some took the wings of imagination, and travelled back to the golden age anterior to the flood. They saw mighty cities upon the borders of this Niagara, and the whole horizon was radiant with the light of ancient civilization. Other thoughts took the

wings of sober judgment, and to them the bones beneath my feet were divested of their antiquity, and the late masters of this land became the remnant of a recent race, which, like plants around me, were indigenous to the soil. Yet all these thoughts, clinging, as they did, tenaciously to every bantling discovery, returned to me "void of understanding,"—they brought me no solution of the great mystery of aboriginal origin. Suddenly, however, these incoherent contributions of thought seemed to amalgamate, and grow into a startling reality. The roar of the cataract became the hum of a mighty city. The tall trees around me were transformed into a giant race of men, and the narrow river expanded until it became a broad bay, upon whose bosom floated huge ships of commerce, laden with the rich merchandize of the ancient world. Mingled with the feelings of awe which first impressed me was a sensation of joy; for now, thought I, all doubts will be removed, and the great question that perplexes me will be solved. A man of stalwart frame and benignant mien approached me, and I wondered at his indifference when he beheld me. He cast a cold glance upon me, and was passing on, when the benevolence that beamed from his countenance gave me courage, and I rose to address him with inquiries. Instantly the city, the bay, the ships, the giant race, faded away,

the roar of Niagara was again in my ears, and the hand of a stranger was laid gently upon my shoulder. I had dreamed away two hours, and the sun was near its evening goal. A dark cloud was gathering over Navy Island, and the muttering of distant thunder admonished me to hasten to my lodgings. I thanked the stranger for his kindness in arousing me from my slumber, and was about to depart, when he addressed me in the silent language of our beloved Order, and, by mutual interchanges, we perceived that we were brothers of the same holy fraternity. I told him the dream his touch had broken, and he seemed sincerely to regret the *sacrilege*, as he termed it. Said he, "The commencement of that dream was to your mind the oncoming of a *shadow* of what to me has been a *reality*. I have stood within the walls of a city of the ancients, now in ruins and deserted, but glorious in magnificence and extent, and peopled with its builders and their descendants. Come to my lodgings this evening, and I will tell you the wondrous tale; and when you have heard all, your love and veneration for our Order will be greatly enhanced." I promised him an early evening call, and upon the bridge over the American Rapids we parted.

Punctual to appointment, I sat beside my new acquaintance in a retired room in the "Cataract

House," and without preface he began the following narrative:—

Nearly six years ago, I started with a party of young men for the city of Mexico. We were all acquainted with the Spanish language, and as *adventure* was the sole impulse to the journey, we resolved to pass as Spaniards in the Mexican capital. On our voyage we matured our plans, a part of which was to separate at Mexico, each take a route distinct from the other, and return again to Mexico within four months from the time of starting, and then to compare notes; agreeing that he whose adventures should appear the most extraordinary should be the chief hero of the romance to be written by some of the party. We arrived safely in Mexico, parted in high spirits, and mounting each a mule, with as little luggage as necessary, we departed for the provinces. I turned my face southeasterly, towards Pueblo. Here I rested a few days, and then pushed forward to Atalanca, situated high upon the table lands on the borders of Chiapas. During my stay there, a young Spanish *padre* tendered the hospitalities of his house, and I departed with his blessing. But great was the wonder of the inhabitants when they saw me proceed alone, and without a guide, on my journey. They spoke of interminable forests, of vast sandy plains, and of wild Indian tribes; and when I per-

sisted in my determination, they deemed me a madman, rushing heedlessly to destruction. I departed, with the priest's blessing, and for many days passed southward through heavy forests, supplying my daily wants by my gun, line, and flint and steel. The forest abounded with game of every kind, and the small streams afforded fine piscatory sport. For nearly a fortnight my journey was chiefly in the shade of the forest, occasionally varied by an oasis of treeless land, covered with luxuriant verdure. But no human voice, no human foot-print, was heard or seen; and I began to realize the feelings of Crusoe upon the lonely island. My mule became an object of intense interest to me, and she seemed as near to me as one of my race—as a sister. At times I would speak to her as if she could understand my speech, and I was pained at receiving no answer! The solitude was becoming an incubus, weighing me to the earth; and I felt as if the meeting of a savage, murderer though he be, would be an event of joy. At length a circumstance occurred, which nearly bereft me of reason. I had just cooked my evening meal, and was preparing to eat it, when my mule, which I had tethered to a sapling a short distance off, became very restive, and began to kick furiously. On approaching, I found a huge *moccasin snake* coiled around her fore leg, and its fangs fas-

tened into the fleshy part of the shoulder. I soon despatched the reptile, but to my astonishment and alarm, but little blood flowed from the wound, and I feared it might prove fatal. Nor was I mistaken; for within a few hours the poor animal began to suffer much pain, and the shoulder and side became greatly swollen. The swelling increased, and before daylight my faithful companion expired in great agony. I sat down beside her corpse, and wept as if my dearest friend was there. For several hours I could not summon courage to proceed; and when I did, with what luggage I could carry in a pack, I left the spot as a hallowed one, and with a heavy weight of grief upon me.

Toward evening I emerged from the forest, and found a broken, rocky country, rising gradually southward, so that my view in that direction was limited. On the margin of a small stream I resolved to encamp for the night; and while looking for a convenient place to prepare my supper, I discovered traces of a recent fire, and some bones of an animal apparently the size of a hog. I greatly rejoiced at this evidence of proximity to humanity, for the dread of prolonged solitude overcame every thought of danger from the savages. I slept soundly, and early next morning I proceeded on my journey. My approach to human abodes, savage though they were, awakened new trains of



thought, and I mused upon the probable result of a meeting with them. I had heard and read much of the ancient civilization of Mexico, and the definite traces of the Asiatic origin of the subjects of Montezuma. I had read much of this identity of their religious and civil customs, the use of symbols, &c., and had been informed by a Santa Fe trader that many of the words in the language, and the rites of the religion of even the wild tribes of northern Mexico, bordering on California, are identical with the Mongolian race of Asia, and also of the ancient Hebrews. I then reflected upon the great antiquity of the symbols of our Order, the universality of their language, and the power of their appeal to the best emotions of the human heart; and I resolved to use them, especially the prime dual symbol, whether my meeting with the Indians should be hostile or friendly. While thus musing, a young savage, followed by an old one, sprang from behind an adjacent rock, and with one blow felled me to the earth; yet I was not stunned. He wrested my gun from me, and, raising the breech high in air, was about to despatch me, when I raised my hand and gave the dual sign. The old man perceived it, and immediately grasped the arm of the young savage, and prevented the fatal blow. The latter was astonished at this strange act of the elder, and seemed determined on taking

my life. He was, however, pacified by a few words from the old man, and the latter, with a countenance full of benignity, assisted me to rise; and, placing his right hand behind my thigh, and his left upon my mouth, he cast his eyes upward, as if asking a blessing from the Great Spirit! Never shall I forget the feelings of that moment. I felt as if I was standing upon holy ground. Before me was a venerable Toltec, a representative of a race, once the depositaries of a high civilization upon this continent. And more,—his hand had saved my life; and, above all, stranger as I was, in hue and language, a single sign from me had changed the savage to a kind brother—had opened in that rude breast the genial feelings of sincere kindness and brotherly love. I felt the force of the new moral discovery of the age, that there is a spiritual bond of union between every member of the great human family, perceptible most clearly by those whose hearts bear the impressions of the *איריים והמרים* and who have been taught the use of the dual symbol. After a few minutes' conversation between the two savages, in a language I had never yet heard among any of the Indian tribes I had formerly visited, the elder gave a shrill cry, and instantly a large number of Indians, mounted upon fleet mustangs, swept round the angle of an adjacent hill, and, on coming up, dis-

mounted, and made respectful obeisance to the old man. I was at first alarmed, but the kind glance of my deliverer gave me assurances of safety. After a long consultation with the eldest of the troop, the old man beckoned me to him, and, by signs, gave me to understand that an alternative was left to my own choice,—to retrace my journey, or go forward with them. The latter involved conditions which my mind at first rejected. He informed me, as well as signs would allow, that many days' journey to the southward, in the bosom of a forest never yet penetrated by a white man, was the chief city of his nation—ancient and magnificent, with temples of worship, sculpture and painting, and every other art incident to refinement: that to it, not even a footpath marked the forest-soil, lest the white man should find a clue to lead him to its walls, and thus bring desolation upon the remnant of the empire of Montezuma. If I proceeded with them, I must consent to be blindfolded continually on the journey, until I should reach an immense cavern on the confines of the forest that embosomed their city. Within that cavern I must remain seven successive moons, to be instructed in the language of the nation, and undergo various purifications and preparations for entering the holy city. It was another condition, that I should never be permitted to pass beyond

the walls, unless by permission of the chief ruler, and then always in company with several of the nation. The delights of home, of kindred and friends, stood up in formidable array to oppose my love of adventure, and for a long time I hesitated. At length, with the idea that escape from the city was not impossible, and that my adventure would overtop, by far, that of my companions, I resolved to accompany the Indians. I was immediately blindfolded, and, mounted upon a led mustang, proceeded on the journey.

For nine consecutive days we travelled at as rapid a pace as the nature of the ground would allow; and frequently I was fully conscious that a circuitous route was pursued, probably with a view to deceive me. At sunset, on the ninth day, we descended into a deep ravine, from the depth of which came up the pleasing sound of a gentle running stream. Winding along amid the thick verdure of the forest trees, we reached the bank of the tiny river, and dismounted. The bandage was removed from my eyes, but the darkness was too intense to perceive a single object; and the ear alone kept watch and ward over my mysterious companions. The same silence that had marked them on the journey was now observed; and nothing broke the awful stillness of that dark ravine, but the stealthy tread of the troop, and the low

murmur of the water-course. Looking aloft, not a star nor a beam of light could be seen through the thick foliage; and a feeling of utter impotency was subduing every manly sentiment, when my hand was gently grasped by another, and I was drawn cautiously forward to the water's brink. Suddenly, the scene was illuminated with a brilliant light; a hundred torches blazed high in air; and from the far distance came faint notes of melody, swelling gradually into one grand choral, as if every tree had a voice attuned to the sweetest chords of harmony. Around me, and forming a semi-circle, each terminus resting upon the margin of the stream, stood twelve venerable men, arrayed in long white garments, richly embroidered with various colors and designs. Each held in his hand what seemed a golden chalice, encircled in *basso relievo* by a *cobra da capello*. By my side stood a beardless young man, with flowing locks, beautiful countenance, and giant frame. In his right hand he held a glittering symbol of the sun, and in his left a brazen bowl, filled with pure water. When the music ceased, the symbol was raised high in air, and the twelve venerable men, in quick succession, dipped water from the bowl with their chalices, and poured it upon my head. This was thrice repeated, when, suddenly, a loud choral strain filled the ravine with sweet melody, the

torches were extinguished, and darkness, more intense than before, shrouded the scene. But the evening is wearing away, and I will not trouble you now with the minute details of the subsequent events, but touch as lightly and rapidly as possible upon the most prominent points in this marvellous adventure.

From amid the intense darkness I was led into the cavern of preparation; and, within the "inner sanctuary" of that mysterious temple, I was soon a neophyte, eagerly mastering the language of this ancient people, and receiving sage lessons of instruction in moral science from the lips of a venerable priest of the sun.\*

I was at once impressed with the Coptic features of the language, (with which I was made familiar by many years' residence in Egypt,) and, from the various allusions to oriental customs, civil and religious, made by my instructor, I was soon convinced that I was in a school of the Syro-Phœnician tongue, preserved, doubtless, in comparative purity, by a remnant of the Cuthites, since the dispersion at Shinar and their exodus from

\* The worship of this luminary is co-extensive with the habitable world, where the light of revelation has not shed its more powerful rays. The sun was worshipped as chief deity by nearly all the demi-civilized inhabitants of Mexico and Peru, when Cortez and Pizarro conquered those countries; and a remarkable similarity of rites was noted in the worship of this orb at Cuzco, and among the oriental nations.

Asia. My intense anxiety to see the "beginning of the end" of so strange an adventure made me an apt scholar ; and in less than six months I could converse fluently with my venerable mentor : and deep indeed did I find that old man's lore ; learned in all that is now only *guessed at* by the wise professors of our schools. When my ears were opened to his voice, they drank in such streams of ancient wisdom as quite confounded me. I began to feel as if a living presence from the tombs of the Pharaohs stood before me, when, at times, at evening twilight, he would lead me out upon the margin of the stream, and, invoking the aid of Thaloc,\* would descant upon the wonders of nature, and dwell in raptures upon the theme of creation's birth. At length the period of my probation ended, and I was prepared for entering the city walls, which, as yet, I had never seen. Leading me, in the gray of early morning, to a dense part of the forest, this venerable priest thus addressed me, in the language of his race :—

"To thee, my son, who may one day prove a stately pillar in the temple of Teotl,† and a support of our sacred Order, the glory of Atzlan, will I discover a part of the divine tradition denied to vulgar ears, and uttered by the pure high-priest on solemn days, not without trembling and aston-

\* God of the waters.

† Supreme God.

ishment. Know, then, consecrated youth! that ere this fair universe which thou beholdest appeared; ere the sun mounted on high, or the moon gave her paler light; ere the vales were stretched out below, or the mountains reared their towering heads; ere the winds began to blow, or the rivers to flow, or plant or tree had sprung from the earth; while the heavens yet lay hid in the mighty mass, or e'er a star had started to its orb; for ages infinite, the various parts of which this wondrous frame consists lay confused and inform—brooding o'erwhelmed in the abyss of being. There they had lain for ever and for ever, if the breath of the tremendous Erebus [Power of Darkness], the spirit that dwells in eternal darkness, had not gone forth and put the listless chaos in vital agitation. 'Twas then the congenial parts began to sever from their heterogeneous associates, and to seek a mutual, intimate embrace. Hyle [Matter], appeared, and inseparable from him, Eros [Attraction, or Love], instantly began to operate. And O! who can unfold, or sufficiently declare the strife ineffable, the unutterable war that attended their operation? Cæus [Qualities], their first-born, opposite and jarring, never before existing, sprung into being, and swift began the universal shock. Creion [Powers], then unknown, and Hyperion [Superior Degree], active principles, continued and increased it. Thea



[Order], Rhea [Succession], Mnemosyne [Retention or Memory], and Tethys [Figurability, Fusion, Moisture], were passive in the general conflict. But Japhet and Themis [Desire and Possibility, or Intention and Aptitude], mildly interposed, and begot Prometheus [Providence, or Forethought], who, being joined with his bride Mensuræ [Measure, or Perfection], the daughter of Atlas [Contemplation], presided over the forming world, directed the births of the laboring parts, called to light the vegetable and animal race, and then crowned his wondrous work with the formation of man. This, my son, is all I dare vouchsafe thee. Take this staff and sphere, turn thy back to the sun, and proceed. At noonday thou wilt reach the outer portal. To the guardian there deliver this sphere, exhibit the dual symbol, whose power alone has thus exalted thee, and at once the ponderous gates will unfold and admit thee within the holy city. Xiuhteuctli [God of Fire], protect thee!"

I obeyed the priest's instructions, and at midday entered the portal and stood within the walls of a magnificent city. In mute astonishment I gazed upon the massive masonry around me. In a direct line, as far as the eye could reach, towered the huge walls of hewn stone, dotted with watch-towers, and broken occasionally by the higher altitude of an immense propylon, hyroglyphed from

base to summit, like the gigantic gateways on the plains of Upper Egypt. In various directions uprose the terraced walls of lofty pyramids, with glittering temples upon their summits; and high above all the rest, and apparently from the centre of the city, towered the apex of a huge *teocalla*, surmounted by a brilliant symbol of the orb of day. While gazing upon this magnificent object, a hand was gently laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I beheld beside me the venerable form of my deliverer in the wilderness. Passing his hand curvilinear across his forehead, as a token of a covenant of peace, he bade me follow him. I will not stop here to describe the grandeur and splendor of all my eyes beheld; it was the realization of all that eastern hyperbole has painted. Marble façades, columns of porphyry, doors overlaid with gold and silver richly wrought, colossal figures in bronze and sandstone, delicate sculpturesque ornaments, and a thousand other et ceteras that combine to form magnificence and grandeur, met the eye on every side; and the busy population, hurrying to and fro, as in our great commercial marts, exhibited forms of manly dignity and female loveliness, such as I had never before witnessed. At length we reached the *plaza* in front of the huge pyramid in the centre of the city. Its terraces were crowded with eager worshippers, pressing toward the apex to view their

great deity descend into the far-off ocean, and to present their evening oblation at the shrine of *Teotl*. We pressed forward with the multitude, and reached the summit just as the last rays of the setting sun were reflected from its radiant symbol near us. Instantly the gorgeous temple was thrown open toward the occident, and its dome, orbicular like the vault of heaven, re-echoed to the notes of the seven-fold reed. The shrine was adorned with garlands, the altar began to blaze, the hoary mystagogue approached, and, filling his hands with incense, he lifted them reverently toward the holy place—the brilliant symbol upon the temple's dome. The music ceased—the multitude fell prostrate upon their faces—he bowed, burned incense, and with solemn cadence thus chanted:—

“*Teotl* I invoke: the mighty God—the universal Nature—the Heavens—the Sea—the all-nourishing Earth, and the eternal Fire,—for these are thy members, O mighty *Teotl*! Come, thou happy source of ever-wheeling motion—revolving with the circling seasons—author of generation—divine enthusiasm and soul-warming transport! Thou livest among the stars, and leadest in the symphony of the universe by thy all-cheering song. Thou scatterest visions and sudden terrors among mortals—thou delightest in the mountain rocks, the springs and pastures of the earth! Of sight uner-

ring—searcher of all things—lover of the echo of thy own eternal harmony! All-begotten and all-begetting God!—invoked under a thousand names—supreme Governor of the world—growth-giving, fruitful, light-bringing Power! By thee earth's endless plain was firmly fixed; to thee the sea's deep-heaving surge gives way; and ancient Ocean's waves obey thy voice, who in his briny bosom laps the globe. Nor less the fleeting air; the vital draught that fans the food of every living thing; and even the high-enthroned, all-sparkling eye of ever-mounting fire; these, all divine, though various, run the course which thou ordain'st, and by thy wondrous providence exchange their several jarring natures to provide food for mankind o'er all the boundless earth. O bright source of ecstasy divine! with our vows inhale these sacred odors, and vouchsafe to us an happy exit of our lives, scattering thy blessings to the world's end!"

The voice was hushed; the multitude arose to their feet, and with slow and solemn tread descended the pyramid. My guide led me within the vestibule of the temple, and, presenting the dual symbol, we were permitted to descend an interior staircase, leading to the secret chamber of the *teocalla*, where the superior and most sublime rites of their religion were celebrated at midnight. To these it was proposed to introduce me; first, how-

ever, binding me, by a most solemn and dreadful oath, never to reveal to any mortal what I should there see enacted and hear uttered. The oath was sworn; the hierophant took me by the hand, and—the seal of eternal secrecy concerning what followed is here upon my lips. I may be permitted to say, however, that the revealings in that mystic chamber were floods of intellectual light, vouchsafed to the understanding of but few mortals. I was indeed within the very “holy of holies” of antiquity—within the radiance of the *shekinah* of human knowledge. The great question of aboriginal origin was solved: Egypt and Shinar stood side by side; Cush and Mizraim embraced each other; the excavators of Elephanta and Salsette and the mound-builders of America fraternized; and the veil was lifted from mighty truths of antiquity, so long concealed beneath its folds. The mythologies of the old world stood forth in all their wisdom and beauty, as glorious illustrations of excellencies; and the deep meaning of the types of the old dispensation was sounded by the plummet of that night's revelations. Our *Covenant*, our *Remembrance*, our *Sacerdotal Degrees*, all centre upon and emanate from the grand dual symbol, displayed by the wonder-working hand, from the moment when its prototype was impressed by the finger of Omnipotence upon the

heart of the progenitor of our race. That night's revealings made clear and intelligible the parting instruction of my venerable teacher, and the hymn of the hoary mystagogue in the temple; and linked in one bond of inseparable union the ages of past generations with the present. A word more, and I will refrain, lest I should invade the sacred precincts of my solemn vow. Amid the thousands of hieroglyphics that adorned the walls of that mysterious temple, and of other temples of that vast city which I subsequently entered, are many impressions of a *red hand*,\* open, with the index and middle finger parted. It is the prime type in all their places of worship—it is the perpetual impress of the dual symbol constantly before the eyes of worshippers—it is the ancient record of the *אֵלֶּיךָ וְהַמִּיטָה* of our Order. Having learned all after which my heart yearned, I began to mature plans for escaping from the city. But months passed away, and still the massive portals were closed to my efforts; and thus I remained a prisoner nearly six years—a prisoner at liberty within the city walls, but there buried to kindred and home. At

\* Messrs. Stephens and Catherwood found the print of the *red hand* upon the interior walls of several buildings, amid the ruins of Chichen, Uxmal, Tuloom, and other ancient cities in Yucatan and Chiapas; and Mr. Schoolcraft, well known as the best expositor of Indian character and customs in this country, asserts that the *red hand* is a symbol used by nearly all the Indian tribes of North America.

length I escaped, the manner of which I have not time now to detail. Suffice it to say, I was enabled to bring away with me all the drawings I had made during my stay there ; and with them I arrived safely in the city of Mexico. I found that the nine days' journey with my deliverer and his troop, toward the holy city, was a journey around a circle ; and that when I met them I was upon the verge of the vast forest that embosoms their city. But to him who assisted me in my escape, I made a solemn vow never to reveal his name, or seek again, or direct others how to seek, that remnant of an ancient race.

On arriving at New-Orleans, I ascertained that one of my companions never returned, and that *I* was given up as lost ; and one of our company, whose adventures seemed most strange, had prepared the romance agreed upon. Mine, however, far exceeds them all, and a few months hence I shall give to the world a faithful account of my adventures, accompanied by copies of my drawings.

Here ended this strange narrative ; and it did indeed increase my love and reverence for our beloved Order. May each brother of our holy fraternity ever revere the dual symbol, and in all his relations in life reflect the divine radiance of the

איררם והמרים

New York, August, 1845.

## FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY P. G. PETER SQUIRES.

FRIENDSHIP is but an empty name—  
Or so at least some bard hath said—  
That burns not with a steady flame,  
For oft when needed most, 'tis fled.

Love hath been called an eyeless child,  
That moves by impulse—not by sight—  
And all its acts of passion wild  
As likely to be wrong as right.

And Truth, though clothed in shining mien,  
And form divine, hath oft been made  
To waste her guileless life unseen,  
In the deep labyrinths of shade.

Thus, since the fall in Eden's bower,  
Have these three children wandered on,  
Counting each long and weary hour,  
Friendless, disconsolate, and lone.

But Mercy's angel stooped from heaven,  
And brought new order out of strife;  
And joined again what sin had riven,  
And gave it energy and life.



And now Odd Fellowship again  
Stands forth, a stay to age and youth,  
Bound in a three-fold mystic chain,  
Whose links are FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

O may this chain for aye remain,  
And stronger grow as time wears on,  
Till the last sun his course shall run,  
And Earth our principles shall own !

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

THE SABBATH EVE.

BY F. G. PETER SQUIRES.

SWEET hour of meditation and deep thought!  
Type of the better portion of the blest,  
Where all is peace and holiness, and naught  
Remains of this dark vista of unrest,  
That mars and taints the image of its God,—  
Giving its impress to each earthly thing,—  
Chaining the deathless spirit to the sod,  
That else would soar upon immortal wing!

Sweet hour! I greet thee with a zest untold:  
Thou wak'st to life new thoughts and forms divine:  
Then doth my chastened spirit love to hold  
Communion with itself and God, and find  
A solace for the sorrows that have grown  
In rank luxuriance at the heart's deep core,  
Giving to each sad thought a sadder tone,  
And flinging shadows all life's pathway o'er.

Oh then I love to wander forth, and gaze  
With silent rapture on each beauteous thing,—  
The lengthening shadows, and the sun's soft rays,  
That over all a molten lustre fling:

When the outstretching landscape seems to sleep  
In Deity's embrace—so calm, so fair—  
And angels round their sleepless vigils keep,  
While nature kneels in voiceless worship there !

'Tis then I love to seek the leafy bowers,  
In the deep bosom of some shadowy dell,  
Where the soft zephyr comes to kiss the flowers,  
And woo the sweetness from each dewy bell ;  
Whispering its low-voiced loves to every leaf,  
That trembles as its silken wing goes by,—  
Each flower the sweetest as its stay is brief,  
Sweetest each breath that hastens swiftest by.

Oh, there is something in that blessed hour  
That seems not all of earth—a glimpse of heaven—  
That charms the soul with sweet resistless power,  
And makes it wish the earthly bars were riven  
That hold it in its dark confinement here ;  
While just before it smiles the spirit's home,  
And mercy's pitying angel bends to hear  
Each plaintive note, and bear it to the throne !

Oh Sabbath Eve ! hour of serene repose,  
Sweet are the thoughts thou wakest in my breast !  
And when the last sad scene of life shall close,  
And I shall seek the grave's unbroken rest,  
Fain would I choose an hour like this to die,  
Beneath the clustering vines and shadowy trees ;  
Then would my life's last hour—my latest sigh—  
Be calm, like thee, O blessed Sabbath Eve !

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY P. G. PETER SQUIRES.

INSIPID now, and tasteless are the joys,  
Which once could cause each quickening pulse to thrill :  
Not boundless wealth, nor Fortune's gaudy toys,  
Can now the measure of my spirit fill :  
I scan the summit of that distant hill,  
Where Fame sits ever, and where Hope is bright—  
On whose fair top poetic glories shine—  
And I would sometimes tempt the dangerous height,  
And pluck a laurel from its bowers divine ;  
But ere I grasp the prize for which I pine,  
My pinions faint—my heart grows sad and chill.

For fame let heroes seek the tented field,  
Amid the battle's strife and cannon's roar—  
With victor-sword the fate of nations wield—  
Climb up to thrones with garments dyed in gore,  
O'er hecatombs of slain, and lord it o'er  
The starving millions subject to their sway,  
Without one loftier thought, or nobler aim,  
Than magnifying what is naught but clay :  
They never knew the value of true fame—  
Fame which shall live when the last hero's name  
Shall perish from the earth, and be no more.

For me, I seek a nobler, brighter crown,  
Than ever sat upon the victor's brow,—  
A crown which honor may not blush to own—  
A crown where gems of mind resplendent glow,—  
The bard's proud name, which shall not cease to flow  
In after years time's changeless tide along:  
Oh! I would sit upon Parnassian heights,  
And drink to fulness from the fount of song,  
And look from thence upon the lesser lights  
That shine beneath, and feast me on delights  
That grovelling minds may never taste or know.

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

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HIS IS A BROTHER!

## "HE IS A BROTHER!"

BY MISS REBECCA J. DE GROVE.

It was the wedding-night of one who was lovely and beloved, and whose hopes of happiness were as unclouded as the star-lighted sky. Caroline Walker was indeed a happy bride. Her parents were respectable, though not wealthy, possessing sufficient of this world's goods to give to their children the refinements of education and society. She had been tenderly nurtured, and not without many pangs did her parents resign her to another.

Yet these anxieties were for themselves; they would feel the loss of that bright countenance around the domestic fireside, which was wont to send a glow of cheerfulness to every heart. They would look in vain for that ever active consideration for the wants of others, preparing for them a thousand comforts and trifling pleasures, which, like the dews of heaven, were so quietly and gently given, as to make them almost unmarked while



in possession, but the deprivation of which is most keenly felt. When sickness visited them, or the heavy hand of care was laid upon their brow, where would be the gentle sympathy which could drive the darkest clouds away? Gone, to shed within another home the sunshine of a bright and happy heart.

'Tis no light thing to have watched a loved one from the moment of its admission to this world, through all the helpless hours of infancy; sympathizing with its baby smiles, its childish griefs—trembling over its form in sickness, tracing the development of mind through the gradual dawning of intellect, until the fair and beauteous bud had ripened into the lovely flower, and grown within the shelter of our hearts: 'tis no light thing then to tear it thence, and consign it to the guardianship of another, even when no doubts of the future mingle with the remembrances of the past. Such were the feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, as they gave their cherished child to another.

William Brooks was intelligent, amiable, and gentlemanly. He was of good family; his father a farmer, who having emigrated to Ohio from one of the eastern states, with true Yankee enterprise, had sent his sons to New York at an early age, to learn the ways of the world and establish themselves in business.

The eldest had chosen the profession of medicine, and after some struggles, had been announced as M. D., and was pursuing his vocation with a fair prospect of becoming eminent. A second brother entered a counting-house; in time established himself in the mercantile business, and was flourishing. William, the youngest, had preferred to learn a trade, and at the age of twenty-three was industrious and reputable in his business—had connected himself with the Order of Odd Fellows, to which his unblemished character, and persevering kindness, made him at once an ornament, and most valuable assistant. The auguries of the future were bright and promising, as Caroline Walker, with all the trustfulness of woman's love, and her own confiding heart, gave herself to him forever.

How entirely is the fate of woman sealed by that one act! How entirely is the untold future, with all the weal or woe which human hearts can feel, laid in his hand, who promises in the sight of heaven to protect and cherish the gentle being who has thus placed her all of earthly happiness in his care! And, surely, the vengeance of heaven must wait upon such as prove recreant to this trust.

The bridal was over: warm wishes for prosperity gushed forth from hearts, unaccustomed to insincere and hollow compliments, which are too often but the whited wall of the sepulchre—the

affectation of that interest and affection, which have long since been deadened by over-weening selfishness. We will not describe the little bustle of preparation—the important matter of choice of furniture—the embarrassments and pleasures of arrangement, which must be gone through, ere Mr. and Mrs. Brooks felt themselves established in their new home. Nor the bright promises of peace and pleasure, which settled like a guardian angel over that home.

Some, whose eyes glance over these pages, may be in the spring-time of life. Perhaps, like Mr. and Mrs. B., they may have just entered, or are about to enter upon those solemn engagements, which only death can dissolve. Let me commend to you, as you would peacefully walk through life, amid the cares and responsibilities that await you, as you would rest with unwavering confidence upon the love and character of each other, to seek first of all, *mutually* to lay your highest affection at the altar of God. Seek first to embody in your hearts and lives those pure and holy principles of truth, those supplies of strength and grace, without which, the strongest human principles prove powerless in the hour of temptation, inefficient in the hour of suffering.

Had Mr. and Mrs. Brooks thus walked together in the love and service of God, how changed might

have been their destiny. But no! they were fondly attached to each other; friends were around them; they had not yet tasted the bitter waters of disappointment; fancy dressed the future in her own gay hues; and as their bark of happiness floated smoothly over the stream of life, they thought not of the coming storms, which might so rudely assail it.

About the time of their marriage, Mr. B. became dissatisfied with his business, and wished to engage in something more lucrative. His brothers, who were in a position to assist him, readily entered into his ideas of change, and a considerable amount of money was thrown into a line of stages, which promised to be a profitable investment, and of which he should have the charge. And now arrived the time which with many forms the crisis of character; when a single step can settle the downward career.

Could we, ere that step is taken, while still our feelings and principles are unshackled by those vicious habits, which afterward chain down the soul in worse than iron bondage, see the far off fearful goal of wretchedness, ruin, and remorse, which is its certain tendency, who would not shrink back appalled at the sight? Yet so insidiously do evil habits creep upon us, so willing are we to believe that to be *right* which *appears* to be *pleasant*; so easy is it to lull the still small voice

of conscience amid the clamor of strong inclination—so easy to trust in the natural pride and independence of the human heart, and feel that we may say to our passions, “thus far shalt thou go and no farther,” that few pause to reflect upon a deviation from right, until reflection has lost its salutary power, and produces anguish and despair, in place of healthful repentance and reform.

A few months had passed away, and the business in which William was engaged necessarily caused his frequent and late absence from home. It was in the evening of a stormy day that Caroline awaited his return. The rain was falling fast, the wind blew violently, and all without was dark, gloomy, and cheerless. As she listened to the tempest, and thought of her husband, perhaps exposed to its fury, her heart beat more joyously with the thought, that in a few moments he would be at her side, safe from the storm, and forgetful of the exposures of the day amid the comforts of his own fireside. Each passing tread brought the look of welcome to the face, which again gave place to expectancy as the step died away in the distance. The usual period of his return had passed, and still he came not. Long and anxious were the moments, aye, and hours spent by this young wife as fancy, ever busy, brought to mind the thousand evils which might have occurred.

At length the well known step approached, he entered, and in an instant Caroline had thrown open the door, and rushed with extended arms to meet his fond greeting; she started, and shrunk back, affrighted with his violence, from the rude caress, so different from his usual gentle tenderness: nor was it necessary that the fumes of alcohol should be added to the wildness of his countenance and manner, to bring to her mind the certainty of intoxication.

How many wives of our land have experienced that moment of intense misery, when the being dearest to their hearts, on whose love they have trusted their happiness, and on whose strength of mind and character, they have leaned for protection, has for the first time thus thrown aside the attributes of manhood!

Caroline suppressed the bursting tears, which might have given relief to this quick rush of feeling, and quietly arranged the refreshments she had with so much pleasure prepared for him; not a word was spoken, nor was it until they had retired and his heavy breathing told the deep stupor of intoxication, that she gave vent to her pent up emotions. Tears of agony burst forth, as she felt, that dearly as she loved her husband, deeply as her existence was interwoven with his own, she would have watched beside his lifeless form, had he gone down to the grave in virtue and honor, with feelings

far less agonized than those with which she bent over that idolized form, now degraded and brutalized. Exhausted, she at length sunk into a feverish sleep, starting constantly at the fearful pictures of her disordered imagination.

The morning dawned as bright and pure as if it looked not on a world of sin and suffering; the night's rest had restored William to reason, and, as he thought of the past, he felt deeply humbled. As he looked too on the face of his sweet wife, and saw the traces of the suffering which he had caused, how much did he upbraid himself! as he took her fondly to his heart, and vowed in the sight of heaven, never again thus to distress her, pleading the exposure of the day as an excuse for too free an indulgence, she could no longer be unhappy. He was again her own beloved one, and with the natural buoyancy of her spirits, she had thrown aside the unhappy remembrance of the past night, as a wild dream, and hope and trust once more illuminated the future with their beautiful but deceitful hues.

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Turn we now to a miserable row of houses in one of our suburban streets, where poverty walks boldly forth, nor stoops to hide its fearful visage, and where its too general accompaniment, utter want of cleanliness, would turn any away with

disgust but such as could with heaven-born charity forget themselves in their mission of benevolence. Every sense would bid you begone, as you strove almost in vain to breathe an atmosphere contaminated by such loathsome vapors. We ascend the miserable staircase, open the door, and what a scene presents itself! Though in the depth of winter, no cheerful fire sends forth its inviting blaze—but a few smouldering embers lay upon the hearth, around which were gathered several half clad little ones, whose scanty garments told of the vain struggle with poverty. A few patches of what had once been a carpet relieved in part the dreary aspect of the bare floor—while a broken table, a few chairs, and a bedstead, comprised the total of their scanty furniture. At the window, with the remains of a shawl over her shoulders, to shield her from the wind, which came rushing through the crevices of the casement, sat the mother of the group; and as she industriously plied her needle, her eye would rest each moment upon a cradle by her side, where a fair babe lay, apparently dying. Her face was pale and wan, and there was at times a wild flashing of the eye, which told more strongly of mental anguish than words could do. Nay, shudder not, the tenant of that comfortless abode was once gay and happy as yourself. Hark! she speaks.



"Mary, my dear," she said, addressing a young girl beside her, "can you not take the work that is finished to the store? Mr. Roberts pays to day, and we must have the money; you know the landlord has declared he will not wait another day for the rent due, and we cannot live without a shelter."

"Dear mother," said the girl, as she raised her sweet face, which beamed out over that dreary spot like some lone star on a night of darkness, "dear mother, my heart sinks at the thought of going there. Mr. Roberts scolds so much about bad stitches, and long stitches, and speaks so harshly to me, that I feel quite terrified."

"Bear it patiently, my sweet child, bear it patiently: poverty must learn to meet insult and oppression uncomplainingly—the rich and happy know not the poor can feel aught, save the pitiless blast, or the pangs of hunger."

Mary turned away with a half-stifled sigh, and her mother again bent for a moment over the senseless form of her infant. She kissed its cold forehead, upon which death had placed his too evident impress, and wiped away the blinding tears, while she toiled on. She had not time to indulge the luxury of grief, though her babe, dearer to her, amid her suffering and poverty, than often are the children of prosperity, lay before her—its

tender limbs drawn by convulsions, which threatened each moment to snap the frail thread of life. Other little ones were there, to be fed, and clothed, and sheltered by the labor of her hands, and she scarcely dared watch that flickering lamp of life, lest she should deprive those little ones of their scanty sustenance.

Scarcely had this daughter of wretchedness numbered thirty-five years of her pilgrimage, yet suffering and care had traced furrows on her brow, and incessant toil had dimmed her eye, as age could not have done. It was once Caroline Walker, whom late we left a happy bride, now worse than widowed; widowed in her love—widowed in those hopes which once brightened her path with their rainbow tints; widowed by that fearful curse, which has brought desolation to so many hearts, and thrown its dreadful gloom o'er many a hearth once bright and cheerful; widowed by worse than death, intemperance; struggling on amidst weakness, disease, a breaking heart from which hope had long since flown, the bitter memories of the past, the more fearful anticipations of the future, and the violence of a once tender husband; with nought to sustain her but that trust in God which can outlive the strongest earthly trials, and upon which she had learned to stay herself.

Mary Brooks was late at the store of her employer—she had striven hard to be there in season—but unfortunately they had closed their accounts for the day. Her heart sank within her, as she thought of her mother's need, and once she attempted to speak of their distress, but as she looked upon the cold and stern expression of the man of business, the words died on her lips. One glance of sympathy, one look of kindness, recognizing the bond of humanity, and her overcharged heart would have laid open before him its burden of grief. But that glance was not given, and she turned away with a feeling of despair, which almost deprived her of consciousness. 'Twas sad to see that sweet child in the bloom of girlhood thus prematurely withering beneath a weight of care—the buoyant feelings of her young heart crushed by continued disappointment.

She entered her home with an aching heart—a neighbor was assisting her mother to prepare the body of the little one for the tomb. It had died a few moments after she left. Stupified, the young girl stood watching their movements—her heart seemed turned to stone. Not a tear stood in her mother's eye, as quietly she dressed her babe in the garments of the grave. Quietly it was buried; there was no room for tears; despair had chilled their sources.

The agent of the house in which they lived was a cold hearted man ; yet even he was touched with compassion, and granted them another day to seek a home elsewhere, if they could, or find the means of payment. But alas ! where could they go ? means they had not, even to appease the cravings of hunger ; and who would receive them with so little apparent ability to pay ? Their kind parents had long since passed to rest—and the friends of earlier times had deserted them.

Distracted with grief and anxiety, the wretched Caroline determined once again to throw herself before her husband—seize some interval of reason, and plead for herself and children. Perhaps none who have ever possessed true sensibility can become wholly brutalized ; externally they may present only coarseness and vulgarity, yet beneath this, who can tell of the many struggles to be free, which but plunged the fettered soul still deeper in degradation ? Who can tell the moments of agonizing remorse—when conscience *will* be heard ; or the yearning of a spirit once pure and upright, to be restored to the dignity of manhood, and feel that he again walks forth respected among his fellow men ?

It was thoughts like these which were stirring the heart of Mr. Brooks, as he sat alone after the burial of his child. Caroline felt this might be the

auspicious moment. For a little while she knelt unperceived behind him, and prayed as only those can pray who feel their all resting upon God. She forgot the long interval of suffering she had experienced; forgot his violence—his recklessness of her claims; forgot everything—save that he was the husband of her youth, the father of her children; and once again the love with which she first plighted her faith to him came rushing upon her heart. She stole noiselessly near him, as he sat resting his head upon the window, and pressed her lips upon his forehead, with a kiss as gentle and tender as that which first sealed their vows of love. Surprised and softened, he folded her in his arms, while she, with tears and entreaties, spoke of the past, and plead for the future.

Frequently we cannot know, even in our own hearts, what are the steps, that insensibly lead the mind to a certain point of thought. Neither is it necessary now to state the entire train of feeling and events which brought this moment to be the turning point in Mr. B's. character. Suffice it to say he retired to rest that night wholly changed; as though a veil which had heretofore enveloped him and shrouded his vision had been removed: everything appeared in a new and different aspect; and deeply in his heart the resolution was engraven, to throw away the siren cup which had thus

led him on to ruin. Conscious, however, of the power which old haunts and associates exert over the mind, he at once yielded to the persuasions of his wife to remove to a neighboring town, where, sometime previous, favorable offers of business had been made him. With an humbled heart, he applied to some friends who had long since ceased to aid him, and received a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey.

Long ere this he had forfeited his right to the protection of Odd Fellowship; with grief his brethren felt they could no longer own him as one of their fraternity. They dared not suffer his evil example and reputation to stain the purity of their untarnished name. And with feelings such as Abraham might have had, when he sent his own son Ishmael, whom he would have cherished in his heart, abroad to perish in the wilderness, did they send this brother out into the world, to *bear* the doom from which they could not rescue him.

Arrived at N——, they soon procured a comfortable dwelling, but new difficulties awaited him; the favorable season for business had passed. Caroline, whose earnings might have contributed much to their support, was taken ill from anxiety and fatigue, and soon the little fund collected before their removal was exhausted. Thus a few weeks of wretchedness passed; when desolate, friendless,

and almost houseless, they once more proposed a change of residence; intending again to seek the city, trusting that some of their early friends would still remember them. The stage which might convey them to New York must pass through the village; and, not venturing near the house provided for travellers, but a distance up the road, this wretched family sat, crouched by the way-side, scarcely daring to hope they might be received as passengers. As the stage passed, a gentleman within observed the wretched ones, and alighting at once, went to them to inquire into their condition, while the stage passed slowly onward.

Mr. Stephens, the kind hearted traveller, had been in earlier days a friend of Mr. Brooks', but their friendship had been interrupted, first, by a change in the residence of Mr. S., and afterwards, when brought together again, by the conduct and habits of his former associate.

Mr. S. knew that Mr. Brooks had joined the Order of Odd Fellows, and the prejudices which he had without a cause imbibed against it, were increased by observing the conduct of his friend; for he little knew how deeply the hearts of the brothers were grieved, to witness the downfall of one who was bound to them by the endearing ties of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH. He had resolved never to become a member of an Order,

which he thought did not visit with sufficient severity the vices of a member; while he was ignorant of the oft repeated warnings and kind exhortations to reformation, which were advanced, but in vain, to the erring brother.

His own habits of christian philanthropy had thrown Mr. S. in frequent contact with sickness and suffering, and so often did he observe the kind care and attention bestowed upon suffering brothers—so often did he see the tear of sorrow wiped from the eyes of a bereaved widow—so often did he see helpless orphans cherished and cared for with paternal tenderness, by those who recognized the claims of a brother's widow or children upon their sympathy, all his unfounded prejudices vanished, and he too became at once an ardent, enthusiastic member of the Order.

As he approached the group thus seated, he observed a paper in the hand of the female, and presuming it was a petition for relief, he glanced at it, but that glance sufficed to show him that it was an old travelling card of a member of the Order. Raising his hands in surprise, he exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "He is a Brother!" and advanced close to them. Mr. Brooks raised his drooping head, and in an instant the friends of early years had recognized each other; and the feelings of each upon such an occasion may be



imagined : no pen can do them justice. Delicacy, regret, and surprise, on the part of Mr. S. ; humiliation, suffering, and the subduing recollections of happier years, which thronged the mind of Mr. B. and the faithful partner of his misery, alike overpowered them ; and for a while their mingling tears flowed freely. Mr. S. immediately led them to the house, where they were refreshed, and as far as possible, rendered their homeward journey one of comfort.

Rooms were procured, and through the agency of Mr. Stephens, Mr. B. was soon established in business : again, he felt that friends were around him—that peace might revisit himself and family. Hope thus wooed, again unfolded her balmy wing, and shed over their hearts the sweetness of repose. Mr. Brooks was again received into the Order from which his evil habits had expelled him ; while his brethren with one accord gathered around him, to bid him feel that the bright link of confidence had restored him to their respect and esteem.

Thus a few months passed rapidly away, and none save those who have been reduced to taste the dregs of wretchedness—none who have passed through life with friends, reputation, and even the ordinary means of subsistence, can sympathize with *their* feelings who had thus been raised

from the horrors of poverty and despair, to taste the luxury of peace and plenty. Yes, plenty now crowned their humble meal; their rooms were furnished with decency, and as William laid upon the table before his wife, the fruit of his week's labor, the tears of grateful happiness, which moistened her eyes, gathered quickly in his own.

And now let us pause a moment to contemplate the change which had thus been effected, through the agency chiefly of one, who had learned that suffering, bitter and intense, is drinking up the life-blood of many a fellow being within sight of our homes; suffering, which might be chased away, did all recognize, as did Mr. S., the bond of common sympathy expressed by those emphatic words, "He is my brother!"

Not long was health and happiness to be the portion of those who had drank so deeply of the cup of sorrow. Mr. Brooks' constitution, though naturally vigorous, had become debilitated by his long course of intemperance and exposure, and gradually, but surely, since his reformation, disease had been fastening itself upon his system, until its progress had unfitted him for business. Medical aid was appealed to, but in vain—Consumption had sapped his vital energies, marking him for the grave.

The contemplation of death is always saddening: humanity turns shuddering away from the

struggle which must precede, and the momentous consequences which follow its summons. When the young and lovely, whose earthly hopes are as yet one bright and beauteous dream, are called away, we weep as though that were our most bitter trial. But when the parent is taken—the mother whose babes are to pass through life unblest with that tenderness another can never feel—or the father, the protector, whose pride it was to shield his loved ones from life's thousand ills; whose industry provided for them life's many comforts, and who was their only earthly stay; then it is we feel a loss has been sustained, for which earth is too poor to compensate. To Mr. B., the prospect of death was not one of unmingled bitterness. He had felt the emptiness of what is termed pleasure, and had turned to purer streams from which to seek it. Relying upon divine strength, he had devoted himself to that Redeemer, whose love receives the vilest—whose righteousness can justify the most guilty penitent. This lighted the otherwise dreary pathway to the tomb; and this, in part, enabled him, as he lay upon his bed of sickness, to trust that his afflicted wife—his children, soon to become fatherless, would receive of Him, whose promises to the Widow and the Orphan are abundant and precious. And now, as he lay weak and helpless—the strong arm which

could once provide for his family, prostrated by disease—while sickness, with its emergencies, requiring attentions unknown to health, was an increased demand for means—whither should they turn for aid? Was the wife again to have the horrors of starvation placed before her little ones? Was she again to toil, as her health was beginning to return, amid renewed privations and sufferings, with the additional anxiety and care of a sick husband, whose days she must relieve by frequent acts of attention, and whose restless nights drove sleep from her pillow, and left her at the morning's dawn, unrefreshed and exhausted, again to wear away life through another weary day? Had she tasted of peace only to be plunged again into the depths of anguish? No! this was not *now* her doom. There was *now* a way of escape—the bow of promise gleamed brightly over the storm. “He is a brother” who needs our sympathy and care, was the watchword of those with whom Mr. B. had associated in Odd Fellowship; and with a brother's kindness did they administer to his wants—with a brother's assiduity were they found night after night, the patient watchers by the bed of death: and, when no longer able to struggle with the fell destroyer, he resigned his trusting spirit into His hand, whose presence had made that chamber of sickness a hallowed spot,—with a

brother's gentleness they wiped away the tears of widowhood—provided for the fatherless little ones—and bade comfort dwell as a household god within the home of the afflicted.

NEW YORK, June, 1845.

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TO MISS E. T.,

On the occasion of her Marriage.

BY P. G. SAMUEL E. TREADWELL.

WE met as they whose hearts, in years gone by,  
 Had known emotions kindled but to die;  
 Coldly and sad, as if, alas! no spark  
 Of fire Promethean e'er illumed the dark  
 And desolate mansion, o'er whose early blight  
 Hope spreads her pinions for departing flight.  
 I said *we* met: presumption vainly told!  
 There beats not now a heart of kindred mould  
 With this, wherein all-potent powers conspire,  
 Hope's last resource, to make Love's funeral pyre.  
 Friendship! Alas! what mockery—what wrong!—  
 Yet thou, in whose young heart sweet Hope is strong,  
 May deem, perchance, where Passion doth not dwell,  
 Friendship abides;—that Love, with mystic spell,  
 Doth guard the portal of Hope's citadel:  
 Vain trust! false prelude to a fearful knell,  
 So sweetly sounding from yon marriage bell!

ELVES DE GRACE, Md., 1845.

THE THREE LINKS.

[See Vignette.]

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

UPON a green and flowery mount,  
Bright in immortal youth,  
'Mid amber streams, and sparkling fount,  
See Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Celestial spirits from on high,  
Designed on earth to rove ;  
To wreath in smiles a frowning sky,  
And lead the mind above.

In every land throughout the world  
Where sorrow held its sway,  
They flew with banners wide unfurl'd,  
And chased the gloom away.

Friendship with her reviving breath,  
Around the sufferer stole,  
And shed, amid the vale of death,  
Calm sunshine o'er the soul.

Love, sweetest of the heavenly band,  
Kissed off the Orphans' tears,  
And pointing to a better land,  
Dispers'd the Widow's fears.

Truth, with a brow divinely fair,  
Stooped from her radiant throne ;  
The friendless stranger sought afar,  
And made his griefs her own.

*These* are the golden *links* enwrought  
By the mysterious three ;  
That chain the hearts with virtue fraught,  
In close fraternity.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., June, 1845.

## THE UNITY OF FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

BY P. G. J. W. WALES,

Late of U. S. Brig Somers.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH, are one in their nature, one in the source whence they spring. They are one, and yet they are distinct, even as three flowers upon a parent stem are three flowers, and yet make but one plant. There is no poetic rhapsody in this assertion. It is truth; stubborn, philosophic truth. It is capable of demonstration, that they are so; and, that the soul may even look in upon its own nature, and learn some of the high laws which are now refining and strengthening it for a loftier existence, this proposition, so mystically beautiful in abstract contemplation, and so true and philosophic in demonstration, shall be abundantly proved.

Go forth, then, into the busy world, and bring to me the friend of your choice. You are lavish in your encomia of him. In your eye he is invested with all that the heart can love. Honest, frank,



fearless, high-minded, generous, and affectionate. You would peril your life for him, and you doubt not but that he would do the same for you. You have a community of feeling, an identity of aim. Hundreds grasp your hand perhaps with as warm a pressure as his; hundreds give you a smiling recognition even more ready, and apparently more cordial than his; hundreds meet you in the busy throngs of men with lighter and merrier jests; a clearer and more musical laugh; louder and more abundant protestations of regard. And yet, how the slightest pressure of his hand thrills you pleasantly to the heart. How the merest glance of his eye lingers in memory, cheering the spirit and giving it a fresher life! And his voice, no matter how trifling the word it utters, how, hours afterwards it floats through the memory like the almost forgotten music of a dream! And why should it be so? It is not that he is all good and all great. Common sense tells you that there are as virtuous and noble persons as he. It is more than probable that there are many greater than he. Other hands are as warm, other eyes as bright, other voices as musical. Why, then, I ask, this preference? I give you the whole range of philosophy. Reason, argue as you will, you must answer that the only cause is that he is nearest in feeling and disposition, that he is most similar in his nature; that

you are impelled to act on the great principle of *sympathy* or *affinity*.

Love, the higher law of Friendship, emanates too from this principle. Take it for instance in its very highest possible state of existence, in which it moves and acts in the human soul, bearing us onward and upward to the All Good and All Perfect. Seek out what tribe of men we choose ; on the Ganges, or the Columbia, on the Nile, or on the Danube ; and every where and in all ages we shall find humanity refined and elevated by one overarching principle—the principle of undying love—of devotion to a Supreme Creator—of a knowledge of, and a longing after a higher state. Whence this universal feeling, if it result not from a consciousness that we are emanations from a higher source, the sympathetic influence of which, through the great principle of affinity, still works in and around us, ever prompting the soul to seek a more perfect union with the original element of all life ? We are part of the Great God ; and the affinity of our being ever draws us towards him. Even as the floor we tread is continually resolving itself into the gaseous elements of which all matter is composed, so does human nature unceasingly seek, even unconsciously, to free itself from its gross and palpable existence, to assume its finer, more subtle, and higher life. The same law works

in human love, and the veriest sciolist in philosophy may readily demonstate it. Why does the mother love her child, if it be not that the tides of *her own* life are leaping in its veins? Why does the wild, high-spirited youth curb his fiery temper, and bow submission to a fairer, but weaker one, if it be not that he feels that there is something in her nature analogous to the better life of his soul; something as beautiful and magnificent as are roses—and capable of extending the scope of his happiness? And what is this but the same great principle of affinity?

Beautifully has it been said, that God is Love, and Truth is God; asserting the identity of Truth and Love. Indeed, they are eminently one. For no one ever seeks truth unless he loves it. To say that he seeks it because he does not love it, would be absurd in the extreme. Man feels that every discovery in truth is an extension of his own existence, and a progression toward a higher life. He knows that acquired truth readily and necessarily combines with his previous experience, and becomes a new portion of his existence. It is necessary to his development, and hence moved by the strong law of affinity, he seeks it most passionately and intensely. Nay, there is ever a further, a closer, a more logical influence of the principle of affinity, ever working in and for the discovery of

**Truth.** There is no advancement made in human knowledge unless it is through the exercise of the principle of affinity. There is undoubtedly a considerable length of time, say from two to five years of age, when we cannot analyze the operations of the human mind. But when we first become acquainted with them, we recognize the direct and continued influence in all cases, and at all times, of the principle of affinity. We can learn nothing unless what we learn have a certain relation or similitude to our previous experience. To illustrate this, I take the science of geometry. There are, in the commencement of all treatises on geometry, a few simple facts, of which the senses are already cognizant, laid down as elements, and it is simply by the combination of these, that new geometrical truths are discovered. Every new proposition thus learned, enters, as the student knows, into the common stock of already acquired knowledge, to be combined with it, so as to present new truths to be in like manner used, and so on, ad infinitum. Every where does this affinity extend. The soul declares truth to be part of itself, and as such it claims it.

If you find a man that seeks truth, you find a man that loves. This I have before incidentally remarked. Aristotle in his garden; Galileo in his observatory; Columbus on the ocean wave; Bacon

in his closet; Milton in his quiet room, were actuated by a feeling, which, if it was not *love*, I defy any philosopher to explain. And yet, they had one common end, the attainment of truth, of physical or spiritual truth. Indeed, never was a great and true end accomplished, unless love worked out its development. Point to any mighty revolution, which wrought out some undying principle, and I will show that human love was the great and necessary agent in its accomplishment. The world holds no higher truth, its heir-loom from ages gone by, which did not result from the association of wisdom or power. And association draws its vital life from the agency of love.

Who can say what will yet be the further development of this glorious alliance of Friendship, Love, and Truth? Who can say when they will cease to act for the pleasure and profit of mankind? Let him first tell when the flowers shall cease to reproduce themselves and the summer rills to swell into autumn torrents. Let him place a barrier to the wave; let him shade the whole earth from the beams of the sun, Love and Truth are in the soul of man, like soft sap in the flower-bud, and they will expand it into beauty and fragrance—**FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH!** Would to God that these words were ever before us, written as in fire! They are divine words; they are sure talismans

against misery; and they are eternal even as He who is All Love, and All Truth. We progress in them now; we shall progress in them till eternity; till they are ours even in their fulness and their strength, and the soul shall by them be expanded into its native majesty, and endowed with the power which is its right. FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH! they are glorious words, and they are too the watchword of good brotherhood, of feeling, and purpose; of mind and heart. They should be—nay! they *are* written upon the eternal heavens in the light of the undying stars. All nature proclaims their eternity; for they are and have been, during all time.

And they are beautifully mystical, even as is the end of man; for they are that end itself! We love them as we do the stars, and the flowers. They are too refined for our present state of existence; and hence the soul loves them with a vague but passionate fondness, because they are more beautiful than is every day life. I speak advisedly. We may feel, but we cannot entirely understand them; and therefore must we wait in patience, till the veil be lifted from all things, and, as in the clear sunshine of a spring day, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH, be revealed to us no longer mysteriously in their beauty, but still strong and perfect in their unity.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March, 1845.

## SENSIBILITY AND PRINCIPLE.

BY P. G. B. B. HALLOCK.

To act right, and think right, is what the many approve, and few condemn. The libertine and the sensualist know that they are slaves, and cast now and then a feeble look at the temple of liberty. The finished villain would rather secure his ill-gotten gain without the blasting, withering execration of an indignant community, and the fierce racks of remorseless guilt. It is a part of his degradation and self-abasement to envy the virtuous for the tranquility and freedom which they enjoy. While virtue then may be said to have the universal approbation of mankind, and even the vicious are constrained to confess, that "the only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue," we may inquire, how shall we best obtain the prize? how win her unfading laurels, and reach her everlasting joys? There are some who act from sensibility, from feeling; and others who live and move by a

fixed, eternal principle. I mean to contrast the two, and show, if I can, that neither is of itself sufficient to complete a virtuous character.

Sensibility has its power in regulating the conduct and forming the character, independent of any indwelling principle of duty. Principle leads one in the path of rectitude, independent of sensibility. The one moves by the innate impulses of the affections the incentives that gush up from the feelings; the other acts from a sound and enlightened judgment. The man of sensibility will hide away in trembling and dismay in a violent thunder storm, and say it is the hand of Omnipotence. The man of principle walks erect and fearless amid the storm, and calmly acknowledges the same Almighty power. The one goes to the sanctuary and proffers the morning and evening sacrifice in prayer and praise, because his feelings lead him there; and the other goes from a deep conviction and sense of duty. The actions of some men appear to flow from fear, hatred, or some other emotion; they are the creatures of sensibility, of feeling, and excitement; while others move on "the even tenor of their way" from principle, the idea of duty. Hence, it has become proverbial, that one is cold and formal in his actions, and another is fervid, enthusiastical, perhaps fanatical. The man of sensibility calls his neighbor an ice-berg,



and gets in return the imputation that he is a volcanic eruption. The cool, phlegmatic man of principle, is complaining about rant and noise, and strange fire ; while the man of feeling wonders at the sluggish stupidity and deathly coldness that he sees around him. I wish to bring these two characters, if possible, into harmony. While there is danger of being burned up on the one hand, and of being chilled to death on the other, by a magic touch of the alchymical wand let them be mingled into one, and the compound shall make the thing desired. Sensibility is good ; Principle is good ; the fervid, ardent, glowing friend, we admire ; and who does not venerate the calm, deliberate man, whose heart is as fixed as "the perpetual mountains" on duty ? The latter may be trusted in all the relations of husband, father, friend, or citizen ; but he does not rise to ecstatic raptures ; he is not swallowed up with the flood of sensibility ; he is not what may be called a man of feeling. He will, however, adhere to right, though the fires of martyrdom menace him, and his allegiance to duty is as firm as the hills. He wonders that men can be carried away as on a chariot of fire, in the rhapsodies of zeal, and the enthusiasm of emotion, for his is the eternal flow of the gentle river, or as the steady, noiseless movement of the spheres. He would not be a creature of feeling ; he is afraid of

the phantasies, and sprites, and syrens, that flit about the fires of ecstasies. The man of sensibility, on the contrary, is in transports, or gushing tears; in the deep vale, or on the mountain peak, in almost every thing which he does. The cool, phlegmatic sense of duty is to him a kind of "freezing point" in the moral thermometer. He lives, and moves, and loves, and acts, not from a settled, determined purpose, but from his emotions. His nerves are like a stringed instrument of music placed in the open air, it sighs in every breeze. Prosperity elates him, adversity sinks him to the dust; he melts into tears at the sight of human misery; he is in alternate sunshine and darkness, sadness, and transports of joy, a dozen times a day. Is a work of benevolence contemplated, he catches fire at the idea; is a case of extreme suffering mentioned, he is the first to propose a mode of relief.

Yet this glowing, ardent zeal, this keen, fervid sensibility, may be exemplified where principle is wanting. There are individuals of this sanguinary temperament, sadly lacking in duty, because they are lacking in first and fixed principles. We would not think of sending a ship to sea with all sail, and no helm nor ballast; nor with nothing but the naked hull. There must be a fair proportion of all the parts that constitute a proper fitting-out for the voyage. The heat of the sun is neces-

sary to the growth of vegetation, and without it, we could not have "bread for the eater, and seed for the sower;" but all sunshine, and no showers, would produce a dearth; all showers would consume us with the pestilence and the famine. In the natural world, we behold a nice and admirable adaptation of part to part, and the minutest adjustment of all the regular proportions. Yet the history of the world shows us the most appalling evils, arising from the exercise of the passions, to the exclusion of a sound judgment and enlightened understanding. When fanaticism rules, the government of principle is disregarded; the feelings bear the sway, the kind charities of life are blasted before their withering influence, and reason is beclouded and prostrated in turbulence and mysticism.

How, then, shall the two, Sensibility and Principle, be united, so as to avoid the extremes at which we have glanced? Let us bring them together, and we shall have a subject that will not burn up the "Philistine's corn," nor be so cold as to "make us shiver in mid-summer." The materials to do this are in the moral constitution of man, and we see no more difficulty in moulding, and regulating, and adjusting them, into a model of moral perfection, than there is in forming a perfect house of bricks, stone, mortar, &c., or of build-

ing a ship, of the various materials with which they are constructed. There are acknowledged duties which are to be performed in the various relations of life, in the capacity of husband, wife, and children; duties of the friend, neighbor, citizen, and the Christian; and he who performs them best is the best man. One may perform these duties well to-day, and to-morrow may be far from the "path of the just." One may be a constant friend, true to his promises, to his friend; true to him in adversity, as well as in prosperity; willing at all times to make great personal sacrifices for the sake of his friend; yet he may be a very unpleasant, unsociable, insipid companion at home. His children find in him an arbitrary tyrant, and no man who has a horse or a dog that he values, would like to put either under his authority and government. Another may be a fervid, heated partizan; he will dig through a wall, wade through flood or wallow through flame, to support the views, advance the interests, and secure the success of a party. Call on him to bestow his goods to feed the hungry, or clothe the naked, and promote the ends and objects of some benevolent cause, and you can scarcely get a smile or a pittance. Then again, we find another, ready, flippant, plastic, accommodating, his demeanor all sympathy, compassion, humanity, obeisance; yet put a little load

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on his shoulder, tell him he must work, "they who would win must labor for the prize;" and he is like one of old who said, "I go sir, and went not." He is like the foam of the sea, or the bubbles of the river, dashed and torn by every breeze, or swept away by every current. Now, in these and similar instances that might be cited, there is not a proper mixture of Sensibility and Principle. One prevails to the exclusion of the other, there is a great lack of the right materials, to constitute the moral man, as there would be in our vital air, if one of its component gases were destroyed or taken away. There is, as we have before said, a difference in constitutional temperament; one may be fervid in his feelings, and be a good man; another may be just as good and seem very cold and phlegmatic; but to be what we ought to be, principle should be the ruling, predominant power. Let one be sure he is right, that he is influenced by the right motives, that he is going to work for God and man, for truth, and goodness, and human happiness, and then he may say like Jehu, "come and see my zeal." Let him have principle enough to act as a "safety valve" on the potent, ardent, burning feelings, that nature has given him; let him have feeling enough to sharpen integrity, give to principle its impetus and its action, then "go ahead;" brave every opposition,

and though dangers threaten as the "clouds which crack in autumn," let him fulfil his high destiny of reaching "the height of virtue," which is, "to serve mankind."

NEW YORK, June, 1845.

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## THE SONGS OF YOUTH.

BY P. G. PETER SQUIRES.

O WAKE those joyous notes again,  
The Songs I used to sing,  
And let me drink each raptured strain,  
As once I drank, ere blight had lain  
Its hand my hopes upon, or pain  
Had soiled my spirit's wing!

Sweet Songs! ye bring again to mind  
Fond hopes too early riven;  
In each soft tone some bliss I find,  
Some passion, nameless, undefined,  
Yet pure as the sweet ties that bind  
The sinless throng of heaven.

O there's a blessed, boundless store  
Of innocence and truth  
In every memory of yore,  
Dearer to me than learned lore;  
And fain I'd be a child once more,  
And sing the Songs of Youth!

August, 1845.



## THE FLOWER OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

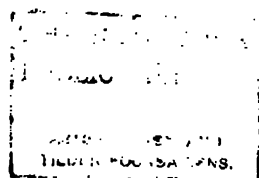
BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

FAITH, Hope, and Charity, agreed  
To enter Eden's lonely bowers,  
Root up each vile and noxious weed,  
And there transplant immortal flowers.

Among the plants which 'round them grew,  
Was one of origin divine;  
Its leaves were bright cerulean blue,  
The loveliest one on nature's shrine.

So sweet and fragrant was its breath,  
All sparkling with the dew of youth,  
Odd Fellows formed it in a wreath,  
And called it FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., June, 1845.





THE TWO MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

[illegible]

the Franco-American business community, and the sons of the immigrants who had been instrumental in building the business community in the first place.

[illegible][illegible]



## THE SHIPWRECKED ODD FELLOW.

BY P. G. CHARLES BURDETT.

JAMES BROWN, mate of the brig Edgar, sailing from this port, had been married just two weeks, when, on the day which completed the half of his honey-moon, he was accosted as he was leaving his home, by his old friend and ship-mate, Charles Burton, who was also a mate in the same employ with himself.

"Come James," said his friend, after the usual salutations of the morning, enquiries after his wife, &c., had been passed, locking arms with him, "you have been married now two weeks—next week, or the week after at the outside, your ship sails for a long cruise, and I advise you before you go to do as I have done—nobody knows what may happen to you."

"And what is that?" asked James, laughing, "I am afraid I should not like to do all you have done in your day."

"Come, come, no gammon, James, you and I have sailed together boy and man these ten years; we know each other pretty well by this time, and I would be sorry to advise you to do any thing improper, and you know that as well as I do."

"Well, tell me what it is, Charley, and if it ain't something worse than going to sea on a sheet anchor, I don't know but what I may do it, just to please you."

"I want you to join our lodge, not only to please you, but for your own sake, as well as that of your wife."

"Pshaw—none of your tom-foolery for me, my boy. This ain't the first nor the second time you have tried to coax me into that; none of your Tom Cox's traverses with me—I don't believe in it, and I won't be humbugged into any thing of the kind. There, you've got your answer."

"Will you come round with me a few minutes and see my wife, James?" said his friend, apparently turning the conversation.

"Why, I don't mind—I have nothing to do on board to-day." So saying, the friends changed the direction of their walk, and soon arrived at the boarding-house where Charles Burton and his wife boarded.

"Rebecca," said Charles, as they entered the room, "I have been trying to persuade James to

join our lodge, but all I can get out of him is 'pshaw—humbug.' Just tell him, will you, what you know about Odd Fellowship, and then let him judge if it is a humbug?"

"Upon my word," said James, his features struggling between a smile and a frown, "upon my word, if I had known what you were up to when you asked me to come around, I do not believe I would have called. However, I won't refuse to hear what Mrs. Burton has to say, though I guess she can't know much about it. They don't let the women know what they do."

"There you are mistaken, James," said Mrs. Burton, "sit down, and I will shew you that we women know almost every thing about it. When Charles arrived home last year from the coast of Africa, he brought with him the seeds of the coast fever, and about a week after his return, he was taken down. He was very sick indeed, and at last he grew so weak he could not help himself; so I was up every night with him until I was nearly worn out. Every day some one of the members of his lodge called to see him, and if I wanted any thing got for Charles, or if he took a notion to something which I could not procure, they were always ready to get it for me.

"Well, I soon broke down sitting up night after night, and I did not know what to do. I had been



up for five nights in succession, and on the sixth about nine o'clock, I was sitting in the rocking chair, and had just caught a few moments nap, when I was awakened by a knock at the door, and when I opened it, there stood two of the members of Charles' Lodge. I was frightened at first, for I did not know what they could want at that time of night, but they soon set my fears at rest. 'We have been directed,' said one of them, 'to set up to night with Brother Burton, as we learn that he requires such attention.'

"I looked at my husband who was lying in bed, so weak he could hardly speak, but I saw he appeared pleased to see them, so I thanked them, and after giving all the directions for his medicine, I left Charles with them. From that time every night, for three weeks, some of the brothers of the lodge sat up with him, and never left his side one moment."

"Well, that was something like men, I must confess," said James, who had listened most attentively to every word uttered by Mrs. Burton.

"Yes, but that is not all," she added, "Charles' sickness was very tedious and expensive, so that before he was half well, we had used up all the wages he had received from his last voyage, and nearly all I had saved up during his absence. Well, every Wednesday morning, when one of

the brothers came, he would slip something into my hand without a word, and that was five dollars. Yes, James, five dollars every week, and I assure you it was most acceptable to me at that time, for without it, I could not have procured the necessary medicine for my husband."

"Well, that was well enough too," said James, determined if possible not to be convinced, "but I don't like the idea of charity."

"Hush, don't call it charity, James; Odd Fellowship knows no difference between *John Jacob Astor* with his twenty millions, and *William Burton*, with his twenty-five dollars a month. No, no—there was no charity there, it was his right; and if he had been ever so wealthy the money would have been left just the same, or if he chose, he might send it back when he got well, and then it would go into the fund for the Widows and Orphans. You know Mrs. Benson, who keeps a little fancy store in D—— street, don't you, James?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I should think she was doing very well."

"Well, her husband belonged to the same lodge as Charles. When he died they buried him; then they raised a subscription among themselves, and purchased a small stock of goods for her, and she receives besides, fifty dollars a year. She has no

children, or they would have been provided for also; and they look out for her just as if she was in the particular care of each one."

"Charles," said James, "I beg your pardon for saying 'pshaw' or calling Odd Fellowship a 'humbug;' I will join just as soon as I can, so you may propose me when you choose."

"You will thank me, the longest day you live," said Mrs. Burton, as she warmly pressed the hand of the young sailor, on leaving.

When he returned home, James told his wife of the step he had determined to take, and having narrated to her the occurrence detailed by Mrs. Burton, she declared herself pleased that he had followed the advice of his friend.

On Monday evening of the following week, James Burton was duly admitted into the honorable fraternity of Odd Fellows, and at the close of the ceremony he regretted deeply that he had in his ignorance uttered such expressions concerning an institution which seeks to inculcate brotherly love and kindness in its fullest extent, and the principles of which are based on the immutable foundations of *Friendship, Love, and Truth*.

His vessel was delayed a week beyond her appointed time, and he was thus enabled to become more thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the Order through the medium of the various

degrees; and from that moment he became as enthusiastic in his admiration of the Order as he had before been profuse in his abuse of it.

He parted from his young wife with regret, but he still had the consolation of knowing that in case any thing should happen to him in the prosecution of his arduous and perilous profession, his wife would be cared for by those to whose feelings and sympathies she had now a full claim. His vessel was bound on a trading voyage up the Mediterranean, and thence around to the western coast of South America; and it was calculated he would be absent about nine or ten months.

On arriving at the Mediterranean port where the cargo was to be taken in, James obtained leave to pass one day on shore, and after roving about for several hours, he proceeded to the hotel where all the English and American captains and mates congregated, for the purpose of dining. He saw no familiar face among the many assembled there, but sailors are never very long about forming acquaintances in a foreign port. So he whiled away the time until the dinner hour, in talking over the merits of the various vessels in port, and their sailing qualities.

At the dinner table, the thought crossed him, that he would, just for the sake of the experiment, make use of some of the knowledge imparted to

him, when the various degrees were conferred on him, and he made one of the signs, so simple, so imperceptible, yet so significant, as to be unmistakeable among Odd Fellows. To his surprise and pleasure it was replied to from the opposite side of the table, by a noble looking captain from one of our southern ports. A glance of recognition passed, and here in a strange port, thousands of miles away from his home and native land, James had already found a *brother*.

Captain Percival, (for that was the name of the new found brother,) came to James after dinner, and after a few words of brotherly congratulation, introduced him to the major part of those assembled, with all of whom he found he could claim the kindred conferred by Odd Fellowship. This was truly gratifying to James, for it enabled him to form many agreeable and acceptable acquaintances; and when he returned on board at night, he would not 'turn in,' until he had written a long account of his day's adventures to his wife, which he closed by requesting her to read to Mrs. Burton, and to convey to her his heartfelt thanks for having taken the pains to disabuse him with reference to Odd Fellowship.

The Edgar soon filled up, and sailed for Callao, in Peru, where she arrived without having met with any occurrence worthy of particular mention.

At Callao, James as before discovered friends and brothers in many of the captains and mates with whom he came in contact, much to the surprise of his own captain, who insisted on knowing how it was that he found so many friends.

James laughingly replied, "Oh, I rode the same goat at home;" an explanation which did not tend much to satisfy the worthy captain. James, however, explained to him the tie by which Odd Fellows were bound to each other, and concluded by exhorting him, as soon as he returned to the United States, to place himself in a position to claim the same kindness and sympathy hereafter.

Odd Fellowship was destined to impress one further lesson on James Brown, and it was one which he never forgot. He was on shore in the boat one day towards evening, waiting for Captain Elliott and the consignee, who had some business to transact on board, and amused himself by strolling about the town, which by the way contains nothing to repay any person for the trouble, except vast accumulations of filth, and numerous shantees for the sale of "pisco," and "aqua dente." As he was turning to return to the boat, he felt his arms suddenly pinioned to his sides, and a hoarse voice hissed in his ear words which he could not understand. The glittering of a knife before his eyes was intended as a warning for him

to keep silent, and busy hands were plunged into his pockets, in search of the few shillings he had with him.

With a tremendous effort he freed himself from the arms which encircled him, and caught in his own grasp the hand of the desperado as the glittering knife descended toward his heart. At the same instant he shouted at the top of his voice, those mystic words, heard only to be obeyed, and before he had time for thought, the ruffian by whom he had been assailed was lying on the ground, prostrated by a blow which would have felled an ox, while the other rascal who had amused himself by searching his pockets, had disappeared in the darkness.

"Are you hurt, *brother*?" asked a voice in tones of sympathy.

"No, thank God and Odd Fellowship," replied James, in the ardor of the moment, forgetting the singularity of the expression, and grasping the hand of his preserver.

Before any more questions could be asked or answered, Captain Elliott came running up, and exclaimed, "why, Mr. Pray, (the consignee of the vessel,) what on earth made you leave me so suddenly?"

"Because I heard the voice of a brother in distress," was the simple reply.

"Well, I wish I may be hanged if it ain't my mate. Why, Mr. Brown, what has happened, and how did Mr. Pray know you were in distress?"

"When you become an Odd Fellow, you will learn all that," replied Mr. Pray, "and now let us go on board and finish our business."

James afterwards learned that Mr. Pray had been settled in Callao a few years, and before he left the United States, had become a member of that Order, whose branches are now spread over the length and breadth of the globe, wherever civilization has been extended.

He heard the cry of James, and true to his pledges and obligations, had rushed to his assistance; and to his promptitude in obeying those dictates of the human heart, which are kept in ever active being by the influence of Odd Fellowship, he had been the means of saving a brother's life from the knife of an assassin.

This adventure formed the theme of another letter to his wife, and James again directed that Mrs. Burton should know of the service she had done him by inducing him to join the glorious Order.

In a few days after the above occurrence, the Edgar sailed for Huasco, where, having filled up her cargo, she tripped her anchor for home. The cape, that terror to all young sailors and landsmen,



was doubled with the usual accompaniments of rain, hail, snow, sleet, and plenty of wind; but they rounded it in safety, and soon reached the Trade winds, where they dashed along homeward at a glorious pace, for Captain Elliott had a fine vessel—a good crew—a wife at home, and was not at all fearful of carrying sail too hard. Nothing occurred worthy of note until they reached the latitude of Cape Hatteras, and here, true to the old sailor's adage,

' If Bermuda lets you pass,  
Then look out for Hatteras ;'

they took a tremendous north-easter. The brig was hove to under very short sail, and every thing was made as snug as could be done.

The gale, however, increased in terrific violence; the sea, on soundings, ran mountains high, and the brig labored very heavily. She had, however, too much cargo aft to keep her head well in the wind, and it became necessary for the preservation of vessel and cargo, to lighten her stern. Accordingly all hands went to work throwing over some of the cargo, the cabin bulk-heads being taken down, to enable them to get at it. While thus engaged, all hands being at work but the man at the wheel, he suddenly shouted out in tones of terror, "look out." James was standing on the upper step of the cabin gangway, and looking

ahead, he saw a tremendous sea coming down upon them. With one bound he reached the pipe-rail about the mainmast, and twined himself about the braces and other pieces of rigging which were belayed there.

He had no time to see what his shipmates had done, except that they had all sprung upon deck, when it came roaring and foaming down upon the doomed brig. For one instant she was completely buried beneath the monstrous wave which had rolled over her, and when its main force had passed, the deck was covered to the depth of two feet with water, while hundreds of hogsheads had found their way through the cabin hatchway. The brig trembled and groaned like a person in strong agony for a moment, with the terrible force of the shock, and as she rose again, a loud crash announced that something had gone by the board.

James had providentially secured a place just in the line of the mainmast, and this in a measure broke the force of the wave off him.

When the wave had passed over, he looked about him without daring to let go his hold of the braces, and what a picture of desolation met his sight! From the bows to the stern, every board of her bulwarks was swept clean with the deck. The galley, the longboat, the cabin hatch, and the round-house, were gone, and the crash which he

had heard amid the terrors of the scene, was caused by the falling of the foremast, which was beating and thumping against her sides.

As the water ran from the deck of the vessel into the sea, and in the hold, James ventured to run to the helm, which he lashed hard down, and then turned to look for his shipmates.

On deck no one was to be seen, and he descended into the cabin, where he found the water up to his knees, but no human being was there. *He was the sole survivor of that dreadful scene—alone on board a sinking vessel!*

He dared not trust himself to think, but rushing to the place where the axe was kept, he cut away the rigging about the main-mast, and it soon fell over the side with a crash. He next sounded the pump, and the line told him there was five feet of water in the hold. In a few minutes he sounded again, and the line reported five feet and a half.

As it was evident that the vessel was fast sinking, he dashed into the cabin and secured a few biscuit, a small keg of water, kept there for cabin use, and a compass, which he deposited in the yawl which hung by the davits at the stern. There was nothing else he could get at, for the run where the provisions were kept was full of water. He tore off the boards from one of the berths in the cabin, and placed that under the thwarts in the

boat, and seating himself hatchet in hand, he stood ready to cut away when there should be a lull, or when by the motion of the brig, which was now drifting about helplessly at the mercy of the waves, she should lie even on the water.

That chance soon came, and by great activity he managed to cut both the falls, before the wave beneath him had receded, and in another moment he was afloat on the wide ocean in a small open boat, with about a dozen biscuit, and a few quarts of water. He knew not how far he was from land, nor indeed had he much time to think, for he had his hands full to keep his boat head to wind, and to keep her free from water.

Gradually he drifted away from the brig, and in about twenty minutes after he had left her, she settled down in the water, a water-logged hull, and James was now alone upon the trackless ocean in a small frail boat. Night was drawing on rapidly, and all the horrors of his situation came to his mind with terrible force. The wind was blowing a gale of more than ordinary severity, and the sea was running mountain high ; but fortunately for him, it was a long, even swell, and though while on the crest of some mighty mountain, the wind would break the top and half fill his boat with water, still, if she was not overturned, he was comparatively safe. The water came in so fast

over the gunwales, he was kept almost constantly bailing, and he had little time for reflection.

Night at length came on, and a dreary night it was to the lonely mariner. He dared not lie down in the boat to sleep, for it would have filled and probably overturned, but seating himself in the bottom, with his tarpaulin in his hand, ready to bale when necessary, he gave way to his thoughts.

Now he was in the lodge with his brethren, and his mind dwelt upon the pure precepts inculcated there; and blending with those principles of truth, came thoughts of God and Heaven. "*Alone* with destruction, *alone* on the sea." Death in its most fearful form was before him. He was a noble hearted sailor, and had braved death many times ere this—but not as now. Starvation with its inconceivable agonies was before him, and slowly he must bear its torture, as drop by drop it sapped his life-blood. No voice of love could fall upon his ear, and bring to his anguished heart the sweet consciousness of sympathy. He thought of his young wife, far away in her happy home—thinking of her sailor husband—anticipating with joy the period of his return. The bright hours they had together spent, passed in review before him; and all their plans of future happiness, like so many phantoms from the tomb, came mocking him in that hour of agony. They should not thus

be torn from him ; he *would*—yes, he *would* live ; live but again to press to his heart that loving one who seemed even now to be near him ; live but to say to her that in this fearful hour, her presence could rob death of half its terror ; live to feel once more the warm clasp of her hand—once more to hear that gentle voice speak warm words of tenderness, which had power to thrill his heart with happiness. And again his brain would reel with the fierce anguish of those frenzied thoughts, until he sank back, half stupified. Then as busy fancy again awoke, he was with his brethren in the lodge—again he heard those pure precepts of love and kindness inculcated there ; and blending with those truths came thoughts of God and that eternal world he felt he soon might enter.

From that moment he seemed inspired with redoubled courage. He felt that the eye of omniscience was on him ; that the arm of omnipotence was upholding him, and that he would be preserved. Day broke at length, and jumping up from the bottom of the boat, where he had lain wet and cramped during the night, he looked eagerly in every direction for a sail. But none was to be seen save his own water-logged and helpless vessel, and seating himself again, he made a meal from one of his biscuit and a draught of the water.

The gale moderated a little, so as to give him less trouble in bailing, but he could as yet do nothing toward giving the boat a direction for the land, as he had no sail or rudder. About noon he discovered a sail far to windward of him, and his heart leaped with joy at the prospect, remote as it was, of deliverance, for he felt how uncertain it was that so small an object as his boat would be discovered.

Tearing up one of the thwarts, he hoisted his jacket on it for a signal, and seating himself again in the bottom of the boat, steadied it up, keeping his eye fixed upon the vessel, which was now so near, he could see that it was a brig under very short sail. He felt for the moment almost certain of delivery; but his hopes were blasted at one blow, when he saw the brig go about on the other tack. He jumped up in the boat, and raised his signal aloft; he shouted at the top of his voice, forgetting in the agony of the moment, the howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves, which would have drowned the report almost of a cannon, but in vain; the brig kept on her course, and he watched her with straining eyes, until the top of her masts had disappeared from his view. Then he threw himself in the bottom of the boat and gave way to a burst of bitter tears.

Again, night drew on, and covered the heavens with a pall of impenetrable blackness, and now, as

the wind had moderated considerably, he determined to get some rest if possible; so bailing his boat out as dry as he could, he stretched himself out on the bottom, and was soon in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer," for he was fairly exhausted.

How long he had slept he knew not, but he was aroused by finding himself covered with water, and springing up, he found his boat half filled by a sea which had broken over her. He commenced bailing again, and when she was free, he went to the stern sheets to refresh himself with a taste of water, and his feelings may be imagined, when he found the keg gone; and not only that, but his compass and biscuit. The sea had swept them all away, and now death seemed inevitable. At first he was ready to sink under this terrible blow, but summoning courage, he again addressed himself to Heaven, and threw himself in the bottom of the boat to sleep. But to sleep now was impossible; visions of the most horrid character troubled him, and he was kept in a constant state of terror and apprehension.

But what brooks it to attempt a description of feelings at such a time and on such an occasion. Reason at length gave way under his terrible sufferings, and James Brown threw himself in the bottom of the boat, a raving maniac. Now he



would utter the most fearful imprecations upon the fiends who were pursuing him. Now, with fervor and the most touching pathos, flowing from the simplicity of his heart, he would address the throne of peace; and suddenly he would find himself in the presence of his loved and loving wife.

For four days he remained in this state, without having eaten a morsel, or tasted a drop of water. The wind, however, had changed, and was blowing his frail boat directly on towards the shore, which was now in sight; and by noon of the day he was so near the beach as to be within the range of any persons who might be on the look out; and throughout the whole time the brig had drifted about with him.

The boat with the helpless sailor drifted in to the shore, and fortunately stranded in smooth water, where she was out of danger; while the brig, which was still floating on, was driven with violence on the breakers. Two men were on the shore looking at the brig as she drifted on to her destruction, and their attention had been so firmly fixed on her, they had not noticed the boat in which James had floated ashore.

The sound made by the keel grating on the sand, seemed to restore James to partial consciousness, and with a strong effort he arose from the bottom, and holding on by the thwart, so as to

steady himself, looked about him. The sight of land, and the fact that he was safe, perfected measurably his cure, and in an instant strength seemed to have been given him. He stepped out of the boat, and when his feet touched the dry land, he raised his heart in gratitude to God for his deliverance, and seating himself upon a ledge of rock near by, he watched the brig as she was reeling to and fro amid the breakers. An object on the water near him attracted his attention, and on looking steadily at it, he perceived that it was the body of a man. He started towards it, and to his horror discovered that it was one of his own shipmates, the poor fellow having undoubtedly been drowned in the cabin, and floated on shore when the vessel went to pieces.

He dragged the body to the rock where he had been seated, and placing it across a small ledge, sat down again to gather strength before he started in pursuit of assistance. While lost in sad musings, he heard a step near him, and raising his eyes beheld close to him a stranger who was hastening towards him with outstretched hands. James clasped his hands in surprise, and raised them to heaven with a motion of silent thankfulness.

"Did you belong to that brig, my poor fellow?" said the stranger, in tones of compassion.

"I did," feebly replied James, "but I did not get ashore from her. I left her in the yawl, I don't know how long ago, for I have lost my time, and have not seen her for three days until now. Indeed, I guess I must have lost my head, for I have eaten nothing for three days or more."

"Poor fellow," said the stranger, "I am thankful you have been saved. I will do what can be done for you; and now take a sup of this," and he extended to the thirsty and famishing man a small flask. "There, gently my boy, gently," he added, pulling it away with gentle violence, lest the sufferer should injure himself. "Come, cheer up, cheer up—we are men about here, and I will let our lodge know of you."

"Lodge! do you belong *there*?" said James, making a simple but unmistakeable motion with his hand.

"Yes, brother," said the stranger, grasping his hand with emotion, "thank God, I do. Here, Jo," he shouted, to some person who was in the vicinity, "Jo, come bear a hand—let the cargo go to the *devil*; here is a man, a brother, needs our help."

In another moment a hardy sailor-looking man came up, and the stranger said, "come, lend a hand here; let us shoulder this poor fellow, for I am sure he can't walk, and carry him to my house."

"Your house? why it is a mile off, and there are plenty of huts nearer than that."

"I don't care for that; this man has a right to go to my house, and go he must and shall, so bear a hand and get him there as soon as possible."

"Why, do you know him?" inquired the other, in evident astonishment.

"Know him—yes, yes, I know him well enough. He is a ——. No matter what he is; do as I bid you and ask no questions."

Thus reproved, the wrecker assisted his humane companion, and James was borne between them to the house of his preserver.

"Here, Maria, quick," he said to his wife, as he entered his humble dwelling, "warm a bed, and fix up something nice. Here is a poor young fellow we picked up, who has been drifting about the ocean in an open boat, and he is nigh about dead with hunger and thirst."

The wife of the wrecker needed no further stimulus to urge her to her duty; for, humble as was her situation, she had a heart which could feel deeply for, and sympathize with, the sufferings of a fellow creature.

In a few days, James was so far restored to strength that he was enabled to write to his wife, and narrate to her this third instance of the benefits conferred on him by his claim to brotherhood;

and again he forbore not to return his grateful thanks to Mrs. Burton for the influence she had exercised over him.

As he was entirely destitute of clothing, save that he had on when discovered on the rocks, the worthy wrecker made his situation known to a neighboring lodge, who promptly made up a sum sufficient to replenish his wardrobe, and having furnished him with means to reach his home, they bade him "God speed."

James Brown reached New York in safety, and was greeted by his loving wife with all the warmth of a woman's heart; and the narrative of his sufferings and providential rescue drew from her tears of sympathy, and filled her heart with gratitude to God, that her husband was restored to her.

His next visit was to Mrs. Burton, and to her he poured out his warmest thanks, assuring her that she had, by narrating her own experience to him, conferred on him a benefit which he never would forget.

The news of the wreck of the Edgar had found its way into the public papers long before the return of James to New York, as well as the wonderful manner of his rescue; so that when he visited his own lodge on the first night after his return, he was hailed as one, as it were, risen from the dead.

The warm and hearty greetings of the brothers, the cordial grasp of the hand, and the brightening of the eye, told how truly his return was welcomed; and while he inwardly raised his heart to Heaven for its kind interposition in his behalf, he implored its countenance and protection for the glorious institution, of which he now felt proud and happy to be a member; and whenever any person in his presence would in his ignorance abuse that Order, he would, with glistening eyes, relate the tale of the "SHIPWRECKED ODD FELLOW."

NEW YORK, June, 1845.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP AND CHRISTIANITY

BY A. W. BRUCE, P. C. P.

WE are not about to enter into a discussion of these two subjects, nor do we place them in their present order because we regard our institution as taking the precedence. We design only to present a few considerations to the mind of the reader, showing that the fears of those who, it may be, for want of information, or possibly a better excuse, pretend that the interests of Christianity are endangered by the existence of secret societies, are without foundation. We are well aware, also, that in many forms, this subject has been ably, extensively, and one would suppose, satisfactorily discussed, and every objection proved unsound. Moreover we expect to offer nothing new ; but we wish to present a few thoughts found stirring in our breast, which we would fain hope might prove worthy of acceptance.

What, then, is Odd Fellowship? and what is Christianity? Considered in this light, these

questions are perfectly relevant to the subject of man's greatest interests, and legitimate for discussion in any work. But we have not asked them because we really suppose that any one, claiming even a moderate share of information, is ignorant of the general outline of either—of what each proposes, or of what they separately effect. In answering them, therefore, we propose, not only to show that Odd Fellowship is not Christianity, and does not claim to be; but to prove, that if it did claim such identity, not a "jot or tittle" of the real essence of the latter would be lost or endangered, as respects its immediate effect upon mankind.

Were it not for our confidence in the principles of our Order—a confidence based upon a knowledge of those principles—we should hesitate to speak in so positive a manner; a hesitation, by the way, very much needed by many who so unceremoniously condemn them. Besides, the growing popularity of Odd Fellowship throughout our Union, renders an elucidation of its cardinal principles the more frequent, and their discussion more unreserved, to keep pace with both public and private inquiry.

What is Odd Fellowship? We answer, the simple exercise of Friendship, Love, and Truth. The first, is the bond of our union; the second, the cement which regulates our conduct, while the



third, enlivens and supports the union thus formed; thus guarding against dissensions. In our Order, these principles seek no further influence than the direction of individual conduct, leaving the right of private opinion on all subjects disconnected with it as free as the wind which "bloweth where it listeth." It will hence be perceived that the claims of Christianity can never be endangered by our institution, but, on the other hand, the enforcement of its principles will powerfully aid it. We need not here enter into a discussion of the principles involved in our definition, because their exercise will at once be seen to embrace the entire range of the injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even the same to them."

This, then, is the great object of our Order, so far as it is designed to operate upon its members, or influence the community. That there is need of the exercise of these virtues among men, requires not a syllable of proof; and that even the pure principles of Christianity do not effect this—even among kindred spirits to the extent necessary to the well-being of man, is also painfully evident. Any system, therefore, which can, in any degree, add to their more general development, it seems to us should meet with the best wishes, if not the hearty co-operation of community, and be hailed

as an auxiliary to the efforts of the good and wise for the happiness of our race.

We assume the following position as self-evident. Only those truths that tend and help to make man good, to purify, enrich, elevate, and ennoble his nature and character, are of any worth. We believe, moreover, that, with little exception, this position will be acceded to by all Christian denominations, were their real sentiments known. All beyond the simple truth, and all short of it, is falsehood. Experience is the only proper test: that shows that the Creator's goodness has made the really needful common—the essential too palpable to admit of disputation or denial. Hence, we find that it is only the common that is important, and that what is peculiar to a few, is of little worth. Were these sentiments fully appreciated, we grant that there would be neither necessity nor use for any institution other than that of Christianity, in order to the regulation of creature conduct. But they are not, and what is more, are unlikely to be, as long as there is such dissimilarity existing and operating among Christian sects. We need something that will break down the bars of distinction between man and his fellows; something which, while it presumes not to interfere with opinion, will make man feel and act as if there were others beside himself who have rights to

maintain, and equal claims upon his race in adversity's hour.

We read, that, on a certain time, a man went from Jerusalem to Jericho, but on his way thither fell "among thieves." Now, although we would not insinuate that the opposers of our institution might be compared to the "free-booters" alluded to, yet we may say, with a good degree of truth, we think, that there are many Priests and Levites in the world, who now, as in ancient time, are disposed to turn to the other side of the way, when their charities and exertions are needed in the alleviation of miseries around them; and more especially, when the miserable are not of their own *caste*. And here—right here—our institution arches its rainbow of promise, and fills the chasm between the formality of the sects and selfishness of the world. It does it as no other, or dissimilar institution can. It asks not what a brother's belief may be, but *his wants*, and administers to them, Samaritan like, and the records of its deeds are found in the hearts of the Widow, the Orphan, and the unfortunate.

There is a vast difference between the prevalent idea of Christianity and that of Odd Fellowship. The former, for some reason, and quite unnecessarily, appears more generally to be confined to the impalpable and intangible. But the latter has

to do with the palpable and tangible—with life and its wants and realities. We can never think of the remark of Franklin, without feeling a profound reverence for his wisdom, when he said, "We serve God most acceptably, when we do good to his other children." This service is eminently the office of Odd Fellowship, and he who best understands its principles can best appreciate its truth.

But then the query may arise, are you not, in this view, confounding the principles of Christianity with those of Odd Fellowship? Not at all: Christianity is the incarnation of the Creator's Universal Love. Odd Fellowship is but one of the rays which every where radiate from the common centre. The office of Christianity is to mould the elements of the human will into a likeness with that of its Author. Odd Fellowship seeks, in its humble sphere, to assist in this great work, by inculcating Friendship, Love, and Truth, as the basis of all pure morality. There is a vast difference between pleasure and enjoyment. The one is without, the other within. The one soon exhausts itself, but the other is always perennial and bright. So as regards Christianity and our Order. The one is from God—the other from man. The principles of the one are eternal, and its objects and ends equally so. But the other is,

so to speak, of the earth, and will perish with earthly things, except so far as its principles are congenial with Christianity. The one institution extends to the very perfection of holiness; the other aims at nothing beyond moral excellence. The one teaches the character of God, the duty and destiny of man; the other teaches its devotees that they should "in love serve one another."

We have said that only simple ideas deeply and lastingly affect the soul, stir up its affections, and mould and elevate the character. It is only these that work mightily in human hearts and human society. DUTY is the chief among them. Odd Fellowship inculcates it first to God, second to ourselves, and third to all men. Thus far, it is emphatically the hand-maid of Christianity. Here it stops. Beyond this it presumes not to go. It points out no definite rules save those of Friendship, Love, and Truth. How, then, can its universal diffusion endanger the interests of Christianity? That it would tend to consolidate the many sects into a few, and to teach those who now contend for sectarianism, that all cannot "know the Lord," except they first know each other, is not denied; and should this be offered as an objection, it would show an obliquity of mind, singular indeed, for one who has learned in the school of the Nazarine.

From what has been offered, we think there need be no misgivings concerning the tendency of Odd Fellowship. We need not point to the thousands in our land and world who are ornaments to our race, and still members of the fraternity; we would rather point to those principles upon which the Order is founded, and especially to the results every where seen in the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate. These are advocates more successful than the eloquence of human tongues, and will stand as enduring monuments coequal with the memory of virtue.

Rising Sun, Indiana, May, 1846.

## THE COVENANT.

BY P. G. GEORGE J. GARDNER.

AMONG the many Covenants which stand recorded upon the pages of Holy Writ, the most sublime and awe-inspiring is that made by God to Noah, immediately succeeding the deluge. Long prior to that eventful period, mankind had been created in the image of their Maker, pure and holy; but ere long degeneracy crept among them; the tempter came with all his fascinating wiles, and decoyed them from their holy and God-like state into one of transgression and sin. For this, punishment was denounced against them. Again, and again, had they been warned of their impending danger, and admonished to turn from the error of their ways and be saved from the retribution which awaited them; but alas! their warnings and admonitions were replied to only with sneers and curses. "The earth grew more and more corrupt, and was filled with violence." The anger of the Lord was aroused, and in the fury of his wrath he said,

“ And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die.” The dread fiat went forth and the prophecy was fulfilled. The pent up elements burst forth in all their fury; the fountains of the great deep were unstopped, and the windows of heaven opened; the roaring earthquake rent the bowels of the earth, and lightning sped his fiery shaft into the nethermost heavens. The elements all combined in the mighty power of their strength to prove to the guilty inhabitants “of a wicked and perverse world” that there was a power mightier than man. For forty days and forty nights chaos waged thus a war of discord, and ceased not until the anger of the Lord was appeased. During that “dark, dismal, and terrific” period, the ark, freighted with a sole remnant of earth’s once mighty myriads, rode safely o’er the vast and billowy ocean, which engulfed a world. Time elapsed, and the waters assuaged. Slowly the ark settled and rested upon Ararat’s holy mount. The aged patriarch and his family, and all that were with him in the ark, stepped forth upon the dry land, and proceeded with devout hearts to render homage and adoration unto Him who had sustained them during their perilous voyage.



It was at this period that God communed with Noah, and established his covenant with him, "that never again should there be a flood to destroy the earth," neither would he "any more curse the ground for man's sake." And as a pledge of that "solemn and binding covenant," he set his bow in the clouds, that he might look upon it and remember his covenant forever. Ages have passed away, but that token still remains, spanning the ethereal arch of heaven, and shining with the same prismatic brilliancy which characterized it in the days of Noah. More than forty centuries have elapsed, yet that covenant remains unbroken, an incontestible and incontrovertible evidence of the infallibility of Him who hath said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

Such is the history and character of a covenant made and established by the Supreme Governor of the Universe. What condescension—what fidelity—what love does it teach us! Condescension, in deigning thus to notice fallen man; Fidelity, in the fulfilment and observance of that Covenant; and Love, in protecting us from the destructive influence of such a universal catastrophe.

Brothers, we, too, have entered into a Covenant. Shall we strive to maintain and carry out its heaven-directing principles, or shall we permit

inactivity and supineness to destroy the spirit, intent and purpose of that solemn compact? It is of no vain and trifling nature. The responsibility is heavy, and it rests upon each of us. As we decide, so shall we call down upon our heads either merit or condemnation. The world is looking upon us; our every action is scrutinized. The strong arm of proscription and persecution is thrown abroad over the land. We are denounced as anti-christian; as disorganizers, and as selfish in all our acts and motives. Some of our number have already fallen under the guillotine of persecution, rather than renounce their allegiance to our noble and philanthropic cause. But let not this retard our efforts. Rather let it encourage us; let our motto be, "Onward and Upward," in the holy cause in which we are engaged. Let us overcome evil with good, for such is the grand design of *our* Covenant. Let us study well the doctrines it inculcates; the duty it implies, and the great moral lesson it teaches. When mingling in "the world's rough race," let us think upon our Covenant. If called upon to discharge duties incumbent upon us as members of our fraternity, let us carry with us the spirit of our Covenant; and whether engaged in our business or domestic employments, or in any of the various duties of life, let the incentive to do good

be the highest motive of our ambition. Let us direct the wanderer in the path of duty; reclaim the vicious, and Samaritan-like heal the wounds of the oppressed, and pour into their crushed and broken spirit the balm of consolation. Let all our actions comport with that doctrine taught us by that rule "laid down in the unerring standard of Divine truth," "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us." This is what *our* Covenant imposes upon all who enrol themselves under its charitable guidance. Acting thus, we will win the "golden opinions" of others, and prove to our enemies that we are more "sinned against than sinning," and that the true Odd Fellow is not the foe but the active and energetic friend of Christianity. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father" is this: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Brethren! bear in mind and act according to these precepts, and we shall have naught to fear from the invidious attacks of our enemies; ever remembering "that a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

SYRACUSE, June, 1845.

ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

IN heaven above was first conceived  
 The blessings of the mystic tie,  
 Which oft the Widow's heart relieved,  
 And often hushed the Orphan's sigh.

When erring man had grieved away  
 The Holy Spirit from his breast;  
 When none appeared his soul to stay,  
 Or give his troubled conscience rest,—

Then spake the Saviour, "lo! I come!"  
 All heaven amaz'd stood at the word;  
 "I leave for doomed man my home,  
 That he to life may be restored."

He came and in a manger lay;  
 Shepherds upon Judea's plains  
 Watched Bethlehem's star, and 'neath its ray  
 They sung his birth in heavenly strains.

How beautiful upon the mount  
 The Saviour of the world appeared,  
 And at Siloam's silver fount,  
 Where oft the sinking heart he cheer'd!

Benevolence and love combined,  
E'en in the early morn of youth,  
To lead his pure immortal mind  
To deeds of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Odd Fellows! on—your way pursue,  
Take for your pattern Him who died;  
Scatter good works like morning dew,  
And learn of Him, the Crucified,

To seek the sorrowing sons of woe,  
To soothe the hearts with anguish riven;  
To make their cup of hope o'erflow,  
And raise their eyes of faith to heaven.

SAG HARBOR, June, 1845.

THE NEW  
PUBLIC

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1922



## THE PILGRIM'S JOURNEY ENDING.

BY P. G. DANIEL P. BARNARD.

THE two figures most prominent in this picture are the pilgrim and his guide. The pilgrim has travelled far in search of that wisdom which is obtained only from an extensive acquaintance with men of every clime and in every condition. He has broken the shackles which would confine man to the narrow limits of family, province, or country, and with an enlarged spirit of inquiry, he has journeyed far and wide, amid the summer's scorching heat and the winter's icy blast, by land and by water, sometimes walking, sometimes riding, or sailing. At one time hungry and cold, seeking a shelter under the forest leaves—at another well fed and comfortable, reposing upon a couch of down—he has met with men noble, magnanimous, and benevolent, who have welcomed him as an equal and treated him as a brother; and then again he has been cast among thieves and robbers, by



whom he has been stripped and plundered, and exposed to death. But for all these he was prepared, and they did not shake his resolution. His determination was to go on, and whether he has been compelled to eat his scanty morsel upon the cold stone by the way side, and to drink from the running brook at his feet, or whether he ate his fill at the well-spread board, he has persevered to the last. If his way has been long, dark, and dreary, if at times he has been surrounded by enemies, and even felt the deadly spear at his breast, he has not faltered. Sometimes his way has been along the smooth paths, sometimes the troublesome and dangerous wood, and sometimes along ravines where the wild beasts delight to roam. When his progress has been stopped by rivers and streams, he has at one time forded his way through the waters, and at others been ferried over in a vessel, or passed over by the narrow bridge. He has seen cities teeming with life and activity, and revelling in peace and prosperity. He has stood by the ruins of places once populous and renowned, but now presenting only heaps of useless walls. For all his toil and all his trouble he has reaped the reward of a mind well stored with wisdom, and a heart alive to the finer impulses of humanity. He has seen happiness and misery with every people and under every form of government. He has seen

the vanity of earthly greatness and the emptiness of human pride. His travels have consumed years of time, and he is at last returning to the home of his youth, an older, a wiser, and a better man.

But while he has been abroad, the desolating scourge of war has come upon his country, and he finds his native land one vast camp, watched and guarded, so that none are allowed to pass who are not known to be friends. Thus circumstanced, and feeling himself to be a stranger even among his own people, he has sought out a guide and protector, to lead him along through the deserts and wilderness which war produces, to the resting place where he would be. They have passed all the guards, and have at last arrived in sight of the city which contains the pilgrim's home. A great battle has been fought between the contending parties, and the enemies of his country have been conquered: the vanquished party lie slain near his path, and the victors are marching at the sound of spirit stirring music to their homes, being guided on their way by the light of the distant city. The defeat of the enemy has left the way clear for the pilgrim, and while the guide is urging him to go on, he for the first time hesitates in his career.

That hesitation springs not from fear—the fear of mortal man. He whose courage never forsook him amid all his trials, and troubles, and dangers,

will not now act the coward's part. He hesitates from other feelings—feelings of a softer and more solemn nature. He is approaching the home of his childhood, and the place which he left as the abode of all he held dear. He has been long absent, and time works fearful changes among men. He cannot

“—— know there is an eye to mark

His coming, and look brighter when he comes;”

other friends may have stepped in, and left no place for him. The voices that once welcomed his approach may now be hushed in the grave. Rank and riches may have filled some of his early friends with pride, and the poor wanderer may be coldly received, or be passed entirely unnoticed. All these reflections crowd upon his mind, and he hesitates and trembles. It is the fear of the heart's warmest affections. Such is man. He may face danger in every aspect in which it may be presented to his person. He may encounter every obstacle that may be thrown in his path. He may struggle undaunted with every difficulty. He may freely shed his blood, and even yield up his life, at the shrine of his own or his country's honor; and all without feeling a solitary emotion of doubt or fear. But let his affections be invaded, let those he loves prove faithless, let the friends of his bosom desert him, and he becomes weak and nerveless. They

were the props by which he was supported upward and onward, and when they are withdrawn, he falls prostrate—hopeless—powerless. No wonder our pilgrim pauses. He knows his own feelings, and they are as warm and fresh toward those he left behind him as on the day of his departure, but he knows not the strength and the depth of their feelings toward him. He would slacken his pace for a while, that he may revel in the memory of the past, before he enters upon the realities—perhaps sad—of the present.

The pilgrim will reach safe, at last, his home. He will mingle again with his early companions, who will be entertained and profited by his wisdom, and he will find peace and contentment among them. He will reap a rich reward for all his toils in his enlarged knowledge of mankind, and his determination to devote himself to the good of his fellows. He will live in the respect of all, and at last be gathered to his fathers, where he will rest in peace.

Life is to us all a wearisome journey, and we are but pilgrims and travellers. We meet with sunshine and storm, with light and darkness, with pleasure and pain. Difficulties may surround us on every side. All our exertions, though seemingly wise and well meant, may come to naught. Disappointments may overtake us, and frustrate

all our plans. And yet with all these our minds will become strengthened and prepared for that rest which is reserved for the virtuous in future. That future we may look to with Hope, when illumed by Virtue ; but let this be wanting, and all is dark and dreary. He who is wanting in Honor, Integrity, and Virtue, travels on a dangerous road, and at last arrives at ruin and desolation. He has most unwisely added by his own vice to those troubles and trials which are the common lot of all, and in addition he has thrown away that final rest which closes the career of only the good. He has lost the sheet anchor of life, and must henceforth be tossed about without the only chart and compass which could guide him safely to the haven of eternal repose. Let, then, every pilgrim on life's eventful journey seek not to add to the inevitable trials on his way, by his vice or folly, and he will at last reach his destination secure and happy.

BROOKLYN, July, 1845.

## REMINISCENCE.

IN the Autumn of 1832, while journeying from New York southward, the following incident occurred ; and, though now written out for the first time, is as strongly fixed upon my mind as if it were one of yesterday. In the course of my journey I tarried at the city of Norfolk for a week, and thence took passage by "stage," through the lower part of North Carolina. My fellow passengers, though strangers to each other, thus brought together by the accident or urgency of travel, proved to me most choice and agreeable. Among them was an Officer of the Army, two Merchants from Charleston, an Ex-Governor of a southern state, and, most conspicuous, an Episcopal Clergyman, who was returning to the place of his ministry, from which he had been absent several weeks attending a clerical convention in New York. To a youth, as the writer then was, this company was a source of rare and true enjoyment, and although he can, notwithstanding the subsequent period of

time that has elapsed, well remember the social bearing of each individual, and the particular part each bore during that interesting sojourn, his present object is, more particularly, to pay tribute to the clergyman. Instructive in all his remarks, there was to great eloquence in conversation added a kindness of manner, blended with true humor and wit, which rendered him the favorite of the company. Without any apparent effort, and wholly void of ostentatious pedantry, he exhibited a proficiency in scriptural lore, and manifested an intimate acquaintance with matters of business, politics, literature, and science, sufficient for him to have assumed a professorship in either branch, with high credit. His fund of anecdote was illimitable, and the recital of his many humorous reminiscences was strongly provocative of mirth, being amply abundant to chase away all present *ennui* in the circle which he graced, which mirth, by the way, he remarked, was the best antidote known for breaking an ague, or rebuking a dyspeptic's dire complaint. We journeyed in company for several days, crossing in our route "Albemarle Sound," per steamer, on board of which our company was much increased. On the approach of Saturday night, I concluded to tarry over the Sabbath in one of the post towns on my route, and on that hallowed morn attended divine service in the

Episcopal Church. I was seated early, and while looking among the congregation, hoping that I might discover some countenance bearing resemblance to those friends from whom I long expected to be separated, the minister entered the sacred desk, and, to my astonishment, I saw in him my recent travelling companion, though his change of apparel, together with his sedate and even sorrowful expression, had nearly prevented recognition. The thought was instantaneous, that I should listen to an able sermon, though I could not suppress the belief that his discourse would be illumed by some beams of humor and sparks of wit. He commenced the service in a tremulous voice, and I quickly noticed the deep responses given by his people; the Psalms that were read and sung were of a plaintive and mournful description, and when he rose to deliver his address, there was a tomb-like quiet pervading the church, that affected me with awe, yet filled my heart with love for his hearers, who appeared so devotional. He named no text, and made several attempts to speak before he was successful; but when his voice broke that stillness, I learned from his lips why there was this deep feeling among his flock, and why there was so great a change in his own demeanor. He had been smitten of God; a bereaving stroke had suddenly deprived him of his wife, which intelli-



gence awaited him on his arrival home. Notwithstanding his affliction and the painful attending circumstances, he did not allow his personal grief to interfere with his pastoral efforts, and believing it to be a favorable opportunity of expressing the fulness of his own heart, and saying many words in season, he halted not in his course of duty, as it appeared to him. The manner and matter of his address found its way to every heart, and all who heard him at that time bowed their heads to hide the gush of tears.

With touching pathos he described the late partner of his previous joys and sorrows, as she had proven to him ; spoke of her numerous virtues, her holy devotion to God, and her happy exit from life ; he alluded to his children, deprived of her maternal care, and himself, bereft of a heavenly companion on earth ; widowed in home, person, and heart, and then added, with solemn feeling, " God's will is mine ;" and as if his noble soul was swelling with gratitude toward his parishioners and friends, who had been assiduous in supplying every want, in affording every relief, and bestowing all the care and comfort conceivable for her who had departed, he gave in the eloquence of cultivated thought, choice language, and deep sensitive feeling combined, his meed of praise to all who favorably regarded the poor of earth ; the

lone, sick, dying, and bereaved. He pictured the loveliness of woman, never more lovelier than when administering to the suffering and destitute; and the noblest duty and ambition of man, to care for his fellow man, when in penury and distress. These he termed "*the pleasures of the heart*," and thus he discoursed: "The springs of these pleasures, are sensibility and beneficence. In the word *sensibility*, who can fully tell what sympathies and relations are contained? It is a tender affection of the soul; a touching virtue, which feels a lively interest in every thing that concerns humanity. It is the tear which drops over the miseries, the afflictions, the sorrows of a neighbor. It is the sigh which the heart heaves when mourning over the domestic scene, and lays down by the hearthstone, in the silence of the dead, the loved one who once deepened its gladness by the blended smile and amiable speech. When the poor man tells his tale of want, she pities and relieves; when the orphan's craving glance fixes itself upon her, and cries for his absent mother, she presses him to her bosom and warms him with her love. She palliates the errors of humanity, and rejoices in its virtues. She melts at real woes with the attribute of an upright heart; an attribute which prompts not only to relieve, but if possible to prevent, the evils too incident to human life. And from these

actions, from this tender sympathy of soul, a thousand spiritual luxuries emanate, which are a perennial fountain of pleasure and cordial enjoyment. The sensible heart, I know, often bleeds, because of its own exquisite sensibility for the sorrows and miseries of others. But, then, there is a nameless pleasure even in that pain; which, as by mystic alchymy, converts the bitterness into sweetness. Sensibility transforms into joys those very pains which it occasions, and the bounty and charity which accompany it, cause the heart to forget its own sorrows, in the good which is done to another. Sensibility is the mother of humanity and generosity. She will be found in the abodes of distress; near the couch of the sick; in the dungeons of guilt itself; and her only study is how to confer upon all whom she can reach the blessings of her influence."

Such was a part of the clergyman's address. In the frame of mind in which he then was, this language had a mighty influence. I cannot answer for its effect upon all of his eager listeners, but upon myself, I may bear witness in deep and sober truth, that the remembrance of that address is ever before me; and whenever the sorrows, afflictions, and bereavement of others, are made known within my hearing, and there is the least indication of indifference felt toward such knowledge, the thought

of that afflicted minister's grateful and eloquent lecture rises up with talismanic power, to prompt to laudable action. Should this imperfect sketch of the incident be of the least utility in urging a single reader to the increased indulgence of beneficence and humanity, the writer's desire will have been accomplished.

C. A. C.

NEWARK, N. J. May, 1845.

BLIGHTED HOPES, OR A RAY OF ODD  
FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

LIKE dew upon Mount Hermon, blessings fell upon the head of Alice Sommers, on her nuptial morn. She was the eldest of a lovely family, and the pet lamb of the flock. Mild and uniform in her disposition, modest and retiring in her manners, ever anxious for the welfare of others, she seemed divested of every selfish motive, and lived to make all around her happy. Alfred Harrington, a young man of talent and respectability, saw her and loved her. They plighted their vows beneath the silvery rays of the full-orbed moon, a striking and a lovely emblem of their brief existence.

Mr. Harrington was a youth remarkably prepossessing in his deportment; he had commenced a collegiate course with every prospect of success, but was disappointed in consequence of his father's failure in a rich mercantile house in Baltimore.

He then turned his attention to the study of navigation, and was at length offered the command of one of the New York and Liverpool packets. After making two voyages, he was married to Alice Sommers, who, from amid a circle of weeping and adoring friends, accompanied him to Europe. The parting struggle being over, new scenes occupied her attention. Happy in the society of the man of her choice, the floating castle in which they embarked to her appeared an enchanted palace; and in no hours of her life was she more happy, than when promenading the deck in a moonlight evening, listening to her husband's remarks upon the starry heavens, the solar system, the different planets, their stations and revolutions; until, lost and overwhelmed in the amazing magnitude of God's works, she would cling more closely to his arm, and calm her excited mind, by gazing upon the softer beauties of the undulating waves, as they mirrored the spangled canopy of heaven in their pellucid bosom.

Alice Harrington possessed a superior mind; religion had sweetly tempered it, and so delightfully mingled the heavenly with the earthly, that she seemed an angel destined but for a short existence upon the earth to attend upon those she loved, and cheer them by the radiating influences of her sweet temper.

Upon their arrival in Liverpool, her time was pleasantly occupied in preparing for housekeeping. Her husband, happy in the possession of such a treasure, smiled as he saw her arrange everything to her own taste. For a few months their life was one uninterrupted scene of happiness; their days passed swiftly away, like the smooth sea, calm and unruffled, and every earthly wish seemed gratified. That he might be more in his own sweet home, he relinquished his Atlantic voyages, for shorter ones up the Mediterranean. Prosperity attended his steps, his ship spread her sails to the breeze, and rode in safety over the treacherous element; the balmy atmosphere from Idean groves and perfumed vales served as a stimulant to his noble heart; and the assurance that he traversed the same sea, and stepped upon the same earth, where the feet of the Saviour had left their impress, ennobled his soul, and led him more frequently to contemplate the goodness of God. Shortly after his marriage, he became associated with a society of Odd Fellows, and in almost every place he found a brother. The mystic tie which unites the brotherhood formed indeed a golden chain to him, and eventually proved his sweetest source of enjoyment.

On his return from Smyrna, in 1832, he found his beloved Alice the happy mother of a blue-eyed

boy, who slumbered in her bosom. He had seen Alice Sommers in the hey-day of her youth, on her bridal morn; on a moonlight evening as the broad Atlantic mirrored in its glassy bosom every heavenly orb, when her pure soul seemed looking forth from her eyes, as blue and soft as the deep azure above them; but never, never, had he seen her so perfectly divine as at the moment of his entrance. Her clustering curls hung loosely around her neck, partly shading the only paradise ever regained on earth, a mother's bosom, where the new occupant lay nestling. Her transparent countenance suddenly became tinged by a roseate hue, her face lighted up with unearthly brightness, as she flung her fond arms around his neck while stooping to embrace her, and pointing to her young bud of love, shed gushing tears; tears of such delicious rapture as angels might envy. This transient scene, this brightest of all earth's visions, was too sweet, too pure to last. They dreamed indeed of things impossible,

"Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave,  
Eternal sunshine 'mid the storms of life."

Harrington saw the lustre of her eye, the rose upon her cheek, her marble look, and he trembled; but quieted himself with the belief it was owing to his sudden appearance, hoping in a short time she would be more calm. One month of happiness



pure and unalloyed was theirs ; mingled delights flowed into their souls like a stream, as they alternately and together gazed upon their darling boy, and talked of days to come.

" 'Tis the survivor dies," says the poet ; and thus felt, thus thought Alfred Harrington, as he in agony of soul hung over the dying form of the one he idolized. The flower faded, and the flower must die ! the mandate had gone forth, and there was no hope.

In a foreign land he buried his beloved Alice. Strangers wept at her grave ; kind hands administered to her wants, and kind hearts mourned over her remains. Scathed, withered, desolated, for awhile he was like a tree bent by the strong blast of the Almighty. The caresses of his infant boy came like sunshine over the father's soul ; the little hands and the soft breath recalled his fleeting senses, and for his boy he desired once more to live. He left him in the charge of a kind and faithful nurse, and sought again the deep blue sea, where his tempest-tossed spirit held communion with the winds and waves of the ocean. But the spear had entered his soul, and on its point peace bled and hope expired. Finding his health rapidly failing, he, with his little boy and his kind nurse, embarked in a steam ship for America. While on board, he became acquainted with a young man

by the name of Nelson, who was also an Odd Fellow, and truly were their hearts knit together. The little boy, whose name was Frederick, after his grandfather, soon became a general favorite on board. Nelson loved him as his own; for hours he would walk the deck with him in his arms, often sing him to sleep, play the top for him, and in numberless ways ingratiated himself into the affections of both father and child. The captain, who was one of the noblest of men, found the little boy a familiar pet, while the sailors, one and all, shared in his caresses, and became in turn his guardian companions. The nurse sickened soon after they set sail, and not all that medicine or the skill of a physician could do was of any avail. She died. Thus was little Fred thrown upon the mercies of his father and friends. Mr. Harrington's health continued to fail. The death of the nurse was an afflicting blow, and affected him powerfully; he was fearful his child would suffer in want of her hitherto unremitting care, and he felt sensibly that his own life was short. Daily, he committed his darling child to the Supreme Being. He knew the "All-seeing eye" was upon his boy; he felt assured that Friendship, Love, and Truth, would embrace him in their arms. He expressed his views to his friend Nelson, who quieted his fears, by promising that he would be a father to

the child, and place him in the arms of his grandfather, if Harrington himself should not live to reach New York.

Faint and low was the breathing of the broken-hearted Harrington, as Nelson sat with the little boy upon his knee, who, as if conscious of his father's illness, nestled closely around his neck, and silently gazed upon the pale face of him who was soon to be removed forever from his sight.

"Alice, beloved one," softly murmured the dying man. Nelson approached him. "Alice," again he repeated, "beautiful vision, I come."

"Papa," said his little boy, "papa!"

Harrington opened his eyes and fixed them upon his son. "My boy!" he exclaimed, "my friend, where am I?"

"Here," replied Nelson, "in your berth; myself and little Fred close by you."

"Give me my boy, for I feel I am dying." Nelson laid little Fred gently on the father's arm; a trembling of the lip, a kiss, an agonized embrace, a glance upward—and all seemed over! A sudden bustle in the cabin, when the captain and many of the passengers and crew were assembled, caused the spirit to revive, and with supernatural strength he laid his hand upon his child, and exclaimed, "My boy, my boy, who will be thy friend?" Simultaneously a cry arose, "All! all!"

The dying father again, as little Fred clung closely to him, kissed his cherub face, and with a smile of conscious gratitude his spirit departed. Silence, such as death ever makes, reigned supreme. Not a word—not a breath—no, not a wave rippled around the bark. The angel of death hovered over the waters, and they were still.

Brightly on the coming morning the sun arose, and calm as infancy's first dream was the heaving ocean. The remains of Alfred Harrington were lowered into the deep blue sea, and a wail arose from the sympathetic hearts of the tarry sailors, as the awful plunge broke upon their ear.

Nelson arrived in New York with his little charge, and sought the blessed band of Odd Fellows, who immediately took little Fred under their protection, rendering every attention his interesting situation required.

It was at the close of one of those long summer days, which, from causes unknown, often appear pregnant with foreboding fears, when past enjoyments seem lingering in the sighing breeze, bringing home to the soul undefinable yet powerful sensations, when a kind of fearfulness hovers over the spirit, as the eye fixes upon the slowly ascending clouds of white vapor, waltzing in various forms, and then settling down in one unbroken wreath like Alpine mountains or the wild fast-

nesses of nature, that the parents of Alice Harrington were seated by an open window, conversing of their beloved daughter, and anxious to learn the situation of her husband and child. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of a carriage; a rap announced the approach of some one, when the door was opened, and a gentleman entered, bearing in his arms a little boy. A few moments told the mournful tale. Little Frederick clung closely to his friend; but seeing the tears flow from the eyes of his grandparents, and witnessing their anxiety to fold him in their arms, he by degrees suffered them to embrace him. Never was a child more welcome. Never was there a purer, a more hallowed shrine, than little Fred found in the bosom of his newly found friends. Nelson, the true and devoted Odd Fellow, related all the particulars of Harrington's death, and received, even *here*, a rich reward in the thanks and blessings showered upon him by the grateful grandparents of Fred, who had arisen like a beautiful star to illumine their decline of life, as the shadows of age gathered around them.

Thus, when the beautiful have passed away,  
Their angel spirits in another form  
Remain to cheer the desolate and lone;  
To draw their minds toward a brighter sphere,  
Where, borne on seraph wings from star to star,  
These blessed ones of earth, like rays of light,

Pursue their course, surveying worlds on worlds,  
Systems unnumbered, high in empty space :  
And then selecting evening's dewy star,  
Loveliest and earliest in the brilliant train,  
They sweetly rest, and smile on scenes below ;  
Smile, as their eye lights on their orphan boy,  
In the same arms which erst encircled them,  
And mirroring his own soft lovely eyes  
In those clear depths, wherein their own had laugh'd  
In halcyon days, when life to them was new ;  
The same loved fingers twining his light curls  
Which oft their own had dress'd in childhood's morn ;  
Borne to their arms by *one* whose name shall live  
When nature in her agony turns pale ;  
Shall shine immortal when all else expires ;  
When sun, and moon, and stars, shall fade away ;  
Live in the songs of cherubim on high,  
As they in ecstasy attune their harps  
To deeds of mercy, Friendship, Love, and Truth.

SAG HARBOR, L. I., June, 1845.

## BROKEN PROMISES.

ALBEIT the caption under which we now write will doubtless, to many readers, appear alarming, (we hope it will,) from the apprehension that a scourge is to be applied to them for their promissory peccancies, none need "cry out until they are hurt." We are not armed even with a *capias* to arrest the most unconscientious; though we send them a "greeting," and our quill is uncharged with fulminating ink, yet, a brief chapter on the questionable morality of faithless promises, gently indited, and inscribed to those "whom it may concern," may not fail of its needed effect with every reader, of both sexes; the fair and the strong, whether Odd Fellows and their chosen partners, or the uninitiated and their mates.

It would be hypocritical to keep back the expression, that mankind in general are non-performers of their promises, when the evidence is so palpable. "I said in my haste all men are liars," is a scriptural record, to exhibit the difference be-

tween an uttered falsehood and a broken verbal covenant ; it needs no metaphysical disquisition, for the resemblance is easily traced out ; to prove the analogy between the two, requires no labored demonstration, and the turpitude of each is quite equal, the liar not being ranked in a lower scale of moral excellence than he who deceives by promises unfulfilled. The bold and open retailer of fictions soon establishes a character which leads the friends of veracity to shun him, but the dealer in promises not performed is ever doing harm, even among his friends and associates. To say to your neighbor or a stranger, " You are a liar," would be rather abrupt, and there are but few men, unless sanctified by immersion in the waters of " non-resistance," who would not evince some pugnacity at such an assertion, although there are characters, who, when thus charged, vociferously demand the proof, and when that is substantially given, seek to re-lie the evidence that condemns them : other personages, more notorious, when informed that they are considered " liars," very coolly reply, " There are various opinions on that subject." Again, it is often heard as a boasting expression, " My word is as good as my bond ;" probably it might be, though a sceptic might suggest a doubt of the responsibility of such a bondsman. An old friend of ours, a man of sterling principle, used to



quietly but seriously remark, "When my word is not as good as any bond, I wish to live no longer." we wish he had more copyists, both among the derelict in truth and the promissory transgressor.

Our remarks are not intended to include the whole range of subjects appertaining to our heading; we say nothing of notes of promises to pay, for value received, rendered more binding by the sign-manual of the maker, for these financial breaches shortly bring the proper discredit; nor do we name faithless promises of marriage, further than to give the opinion, that the delinquents in such cases should be thonged without lenity, both on the hide and through the wallet; and as to political promises—the light assurances of psuedo-statesmen—we leave such flatulent aliment to dyspeptic office seekers. It is the minor promises, the daily covenants and vows, orally made, and so constantly rendered null and void, in business and social life, that we deprecate and reprehend.

Few parents are guiltless in this respect, and the days and years of childhood are cruelly embittered by disappointment in the promises of their senior relatives, who ought to be careful how they thwart the correct shooting of the young idea, for such examples in the elders are as pernicious as the practice is afflictive to the juveniles. Our good sire was a notable exception in one respect; if the

boys were promised a thrashing, they could always show a receipt for it; yet this, though personally uncomfortable at the period of execution, was better than to promise chastisement and fail in the performance. The disturbances and discomforts in the domestic circle, occasioned by the frequent and unnecessary violations of promises, are not sparse; for the truth of this, we refer to the parties most concerned. Insolvent promises among artisans and tradesmen have long been proverbial, especially among the disciples of St. Crispin, though we will not assert that this class are more culpable than others; for in fact this essay of doing, promising to do, and leaving undone, is a popular trait among all classes, and is prolific of deep injury and injustice. In law and equity it is an axiom that a broken covenant cannot be mended; this principle should be self-applied by every maker of a promise. The greatest sufferers by broken promises are those who are dependant for their daily wages and necessities upon others who have no hesitancy in neglecting their engagements; this humble class, too often, are made to suffer both mentally and physically, by the delinquency of their employers, by being encouraged with promises never realized—that are made without the intention of being fulfilled, and often given to deceive, or obtain a character for doing good; the

latter may properly be termed elaborate lies, worthy only of the father of falsehoods. One attendant practice of the promise-breaker—as insulting as the breach is injurious—is the proffering of some futile excuse for failing in his performance; trite as it is, there cannot be a more fallacious assertion than “a poor excuse is better than none;” a good excuse would be valid, but a poor one is condemnatory of its author. A certain pedagogue, not wholly unknown to fame—a rigid disciplinarian—who was professor of birch in the village where we were raised, was, in the early exercise of his profession, much annoyed with written excuses, brought by his scholars, for absence or tardiness; to put an end to the practice, he adopted the rule of flogging first and reading the excuse afterwards: his plan worked well: some such patent is desirable, to amend the prevalence of broken promises. The most ingenious palliative we have heard for bankrupt promises is the case of a “firm,” somewhat prominent for being protested in their promises to do and to pay. Financial matters brought one of this firm to the counting-house of a merchant who had been sorely tried by their frequent failures to make good their assurances; and as a favor was solicited by the delinquent, the other party *promised* to grant it, if the applicant would fairly answer him one ques-

tion. Assent being made, the query was put, "How is it that you and your partners are always so profuse and ready with promises to all who have business with you?" With but little hesitation the answer was given. "Sometime since, when our affairs were embarrassed, one of our creditors called upon us for payment of his demand; he was informed of our difficulties, and that we could not then meet our obligations. He inquired, 'When will you pay me or give me sufficient security for the debt?' we replied that, though we knew we were solvent in our business, we could not name any time when we should be able to satisfy him; he urged us to promise some future day, which we informed him we could not with the certainty of fulfilling the promise at the time appointed, but that we would pay him at as early a day as practicable: the following day he attached our property. Our other creditors, alarmed at such a proceeding, urged a withdrawal of the suit, stating it would be for the interest of all concerned so to do. 'Well,' says our legal foe, 'I do not wish to injure them, but I was compelled to this course, for they not only could not pay my demand, but they would not *promise* me when I might expect it.' However, the matter was arranged, and our business went on, and from that time we have made it our practice to promise all persons having

dealings with us to their hearts' content, and I suppose you have had your share of such assurances."

We hope no one will pirate their copyright, but that all our readers will remember that a broken promise is next of kin to a lie. The promises of God are sure and steadfast: shall man, made in the image of his Maker, not strive to imitate the attributes of his Grand Master, and keep his promise to his fellow man sacred? The cause of Truth demands it, and the obligations of Love and Friendship render it imperative.

C.

May, 1845.

## FEBRUARY.

BY TALIAFERRO P. SHAFFNER.

"At length grim Auster, with his snowy head,  
And gloomy countenance, and sable wings,  
Forth from the cave of Æolus hath sped,  
And o'er the land his varied winter flings.  
Along the pathway of the storm he wends,  
Sometimes enwrapt deep in his dusky clouds,  
Anon a treacherous sun-beam forth he sends,  
And the next moment all again enshrouds.—  
With scudding mists he hides the mournful moon,  
That weeps behind them for a glimpse of earth,  
Then for awhile reveals her, and as soon  
Makes the Night dark as ere Creation's birth!  
Thus 'tis with man,—now birth—now dim appear  
The hopes and joys of each succeeding year!"

THERE are months in the year memorable for the anniversaries of important events. Among these the month containing the least number of days is remarkable. One of the most important events connected with the American history occurred in the second month of the year,—the birth of the immortal freeman, GEORGE WASHINGTON. We hail with joy the arrival of the anniversary of

the birth of this great man. It reminds us of subsequent great and important events;—of his connection with the army in the west,—his career as a General in command of a feeble but gallant band of freemen, toiling for liberty and independence,—of the scene at Yorktown on the 19th of October, 1781,—of the wise administration of the government by the first executive,—and a host of other things of thrilling interest are brought to mind. The object of this article is not to dwell on occurrences of the past, but to notice briefly the origin and the nature of the second month of the year.

*February* is so named from *Februa*, *Februaca*, or *Februalis*, names of Juno, to whom the Romans were accustomed to offer sacrifice. Our Saxon ancestors designated it *Sprout-kele*, because the *kalc* or *cole-wort* then began to sprout; an event of much importance in those days, it being the chief sustenance of the husbandmen; and the water in which it was boiled was a common medicine with them, as well as with the Romans. In later times they called this *Sol-monath*, or *Pancake-month*, because cakes were offered to the sun.

During the month of February the brief visits of the sun are generally sufficient to bring out a few flowers. If the weather is mild and pleasant—as it frequently is—a walk in the garden is interest-

ing, and many pleasing objects may be seen. The *crocus* is very pretty, and also the snow-drop, both of which the botanist and the admirer of nature's beauties love to behold, and to which they direct their attention. The *china rose*, well known for its beauty and delicacy, also the *laurustinus*, are still in blossom : they too add charms not readily forgotten. During this month, too, are to be seen the bloom buds of fruit trees, which may be observed to swell every day. The buds of the lilac-tree are very forward, and one of the greatest objects of attraction is the green-house. Those emblems of innocence, the lambs, are also very attractive, if we go out upon the farm to observe them. In this month the snows thaw, and the icy ponds and pools break up. The snow is more favorable to vegetation than common rain water ; melted snow, sinking into the earth, enriches it with many of the salts most useful to nourish the plants which are destined to spring up soon afterwards. A proper supply of food to every seed is thus prospectively insured. They so swell and germinate, that, by the latter part of the month of March, they appear with their young shoots a little above the surface of the earth, and faintly renew the verdant covering of the soil. The leaves of the elder also begin to expand,—the mezerion puts forth its buds, and a variety of other species



of vegetation are forward enough to excite feelings of the most pleasant and hopeful description. Those who fail to cultivate an acquaintance with nature and her works, should be aware that they lose more than all the artificial usages of life can compensate.

In this month the wood-lark commences his sweet lays; the black-bird, full of life and cheerfulness, and the song-thrush, are to be heard. Tomtits are seen hanging on the eaves of barns and thatched out-houses, particularly if the weather be snowy and severe. The yellow-hammer and chaffinch are heard towards the end of the month, and the sky-larks resume their pleasing strains, uniting with the birds of the former month in celebrating the return of lovely Spring, with all her charms and beauties, of which they furnish the earliest and most unequivocal proofs; though other proofs are not wanting, such as the blossoming of the willows, which hang out their yellow catkins as signals to the bees that they may again begin their industrious career, while the hazel makes preparations, by its flowering, to secure to the squirrel a store for its winter food. These various indications of returning summer incite emotions of joy in the minds of all, and the first notes of that general concert begin to be sounded which is to receive its full strength and power in the succeeding months.

This month too represents a step in human life. January is passed,—she represented man in his infancy :—time rolls on, and is gone forever. Next comes February, the second step. His hopes begin to brighten, his days are still young. The real pleasures of life are not to be enjoyed at that early age; but, as time passes by, he arrives at his June, and afterwards returns back again to a season in frame as feeble as it was weak in childhood. How much these steps in the course of time should be regarded, that the untaught child hurry not over too speedily for his own advancement in moral and religious virtue! Early impressions are lasting; and if the child is taught to reverence God at an early age, he forgets it not when he arrives to manhood. When his years are many, it will be pleasing to review his past life, and see himself in days gone by raising his young voice in praise and thanks to his heavenly Father; to see himself kneeling at night and morn, his little hands clasped, his eyes fixed on things above, his lips breathing gentle accents of praise to one who guides his young feet in the paths of peace and joy. These thoughts stir new feelings in the older heart, and the old man feels happier in serving Him who has power to create and to preserve.

[It may be thought by some, and perhaps, Mr. Editor, by yourself, that the above article is not a

very suitable one for your *annual*. But as I suppose you intend to place the book in the hands of the *families* of Odd Fellows, some of your young readers, I humbly trust, will peruse the above remarks with pleasure and profit. I conceive that an annual, as well as a newspaper, should contain matter for all classes of readers. Doubtless you will publish some grave and serious articles; these will do for the metaphysical:—then you must have some Tales, for the young and gay:—and here I have attempted to give you something for the most interesting class of all,—the young ladies and gentlemen of your readers' families. Is not this a *passable* idea ?]

LOUISVILLE, KY., June, 1845.

THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

BY P. G. J. W. WALES.

HAIL to thee, spirit of delight!  
Hail to thee, spirit fair and bright!  
Hail to thee, spirit great and free!  
Sweet is the spell of thy witchery!

Bright the valley and ocean wave;  
Stars, bright stars, the calm ocean pave;  
Earth now gleams in silvery light;—  
Spirit! I feel thee in thy might.

Hail, first tints of the breaking day!  
Birds are chanting their matin lay,  
Ringing out softly and sweetly clear;  
Spirit! I feel that thou art here.

Hark! to the sounding bridal song!  
Gaze on the golden-tissued throng,  
And maiden with the joyous brow;—  
Spirit! I feel thy presence now!

A spirit is winging its flight  
Up to the living Fount of light;  
Joy to the spirit pure and free!  
His is thy fadeless brilliancy.

Bright is the purple cloud of morn,  
In its glorious beauty born ;  
Bright is the lovely flower of day ;—  
Oh ! how soon they must pass away !

Such art thou, Spirit of Delight !  
A cloud with morning sun-beams bright !  
A flower rejoicing in its birth,  
And looking upward from the earth !

Spirit ! like them may'st fade and die,  
Swift as the flitting swallow fly !  
An angel of the heart, but given  
To plume again its flight for heaven.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May, 1845.

## SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

WHAT can this murmur be that now I hear,  
As at this solemn hour I pause to catch  
The echoes that may fall upon the ear,  
So low and undefined it were a match,  
Almost, for the dread silence of the bier!  
Is't the flowers breathing out their midnight watch?  
O God! whate'er this lowly voice may be,  
Methinks it warns me of eternity.

Why doth my heart so love the beauteous world?  
Where now its hopes that have so cheated me?  
O, toiling man! could'st thou but see unfurled  
The record of thy future destiny,  
How would thy heart from its high place be hurled!  
Creator! I would bow myself to thee:—  
*Thou* wilt not spurn me. *Thou* wilt keep the trust,  
E'en when this heart and those it loves are dust.

I cast my gaze above, to yon blue field  
Of myst'ry and of glory, where the stars  
In wondrous multitudes walk forth and yield  
Their music to the loved of God: There Mars,  
And Jupiter, and Venus are, and wield  
The sceptre mild, until the Queen unbars  
Her golden gates, and to the throne aspires;  
And, as she comes, each subject half retires.

There are, I think, soft voices in the sky,  
And tones suppressed, that now make up the solemn  
Chime of night. Lo! here the wild stream doth hie,—  
Here rock and glade, the open—only volume  
Perused by sylvan tribes; and though my eye  
Doth meet no mossy tower or crumbling column,  
Yet here the grave, the battle-field, and mound  
Of the wild aborigines are found.

The flight of generations!—what a tone,  
Awful and sad, it breathes, as now I bend  
My timid ear and listen—all alone!  
Back to those ancient scenes my thoughts I'll send;  
My heart doth dwell upon the past; the groan  
And whoop no more upon these hills shall blend—  
But now in peace pass on the plough and harrow,  
Through vales where spoke the gun and flew the arrow!

How solemn now! 'tis midnight on the plain;  
Reflections solemn do pervade my mind;—  
The cup of life! its contents I must drain;  
And when I come to cast a look behind,  
Upon the past, the pleasure and the pain,  
And see so well how weak I've been, and blind,  
O! how I shrink to tread the way before me,  
Until I feel that God is watching o'er me!

J. E. D. C.

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

1871





J. L. Martin

J. P. R. W.

MOSES AT THE BURNING BUSH.

THE BURNING BUSH. THE BURNING BUSH. THE BURNING BUSH. THE BURNING BUSH.

J. P. R. W.





## MOSES AT THE BURNING BUSH.

BY BRO. FRANKLIN JOSEPH OTTERSON.

'Twas summer time in Midian,  
Three thousand years ago,  
The sunbeams, falling vertical,  
Like molten fire did flow—  
On Horeb's angel-trodden hill,  
On Arab's arid plain,  
In every dell the fire-flood fell,  
As falls a summer rain.  
Close at the holy mountain's foot  
A clust'ring forest stood,  
As if the trees instinctive sought  
The dwelling-place of God;  
With leafy arms entwined, they made  
A sun-proof arch of green,  
And gently played within the shade  
A thousand forms unseen.  
'Twas sultry noon,—all silently  
Beneath the cool trees sleeping,  
An Israelitish Shepherd lay,  
While, round about him creeping,  
The fleecy herd came carefully,  
And, bowing down before him,  
Gazed tearfully and prayerfully,  
As if they would adore him.

Look! on the mountain top descended,  
A gorgeous cloud of fulgent Glory  
Hath with the sun its radiance blended,  
And made his beams look pale and hoary :  
Look! down the mountain grandly going,  
The bright effulgence passes slowly,  
And in its viewless brilliance glowing,  
Stops near the Shepherd slumbering lowly.

The Shepherd woke, and wildly gazing,  
Half blinded by the bright illuming,  
Saw where the bush was fiercely blazing,  
Yet perfect still and unconsuming ;  
And while he marvelled at the wonder,  
He heard a voice his own name telling—  
An awful voice, like far-off thunder  
Among the distant mountains swelling.

It was the voice that called to being  
A universe at His command,  
And darkness, from His presence fleeing,  
Disclosed the water and the land ;  
It was the voice that, in the garden,  
Called gently for the sinning mortals—  
The voice that bade the flaming warden  
Forever guard the shining portals ;

The voice that broke the great deep's fountains,  
And ope'd the windows of the heaven,  
That made the flood o'ertop the mountains,  
And whelm a world to ruin given—  
That bade the bow, the east adorning,  
Tell vengeance past and mercy reigning—  
That sent the dove, with peaceful warning,  
To cheer the night well-nigh complaining.

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The flaming bush, the quaking ground,  
The leprous hand, the hand restored,  
The serpent-rod no serpent found,

Proclaimed the presence of the Lord :  
And when the doubting Shepherd spoke,  
And humbly asked the Glory's name,  
In thunder from the Presence broke—

“ Tell them thou comest from I AM ! ”

Then waned the Glory, wasting slow,  
As if exhaling on the air,  
Expiring with a gentler flow

Than soul departing while in prayer,  
Till nought the vision could reveal,  
Save mountain, forest, herd, and ground,  
Though still the subtler soul could feel  
The atmosphere of Heaven around ;

And viewless angels, thronging near,  
Made coolness with their waving wings,  
While oft upon the Shepherd's ear  
The cadence of their music rings—  
And oft'ner still, now near, now far,  
A great vibration broke the calm,  
As, echoing from star to star,  
Went round the awful name, I AM.”

NEW YORK, August, 1845. ❁

## ASPIRATIONS.

WHEN solemn night enfolds the day,  
And to our King you bow the knee,  
Forget not him who cannot pray,  
O! breathe a single prayer for *me*;

Whose soul, for some deep mystery made,  
Spurns form and mode as all in vain,  
To soar in native pride arrayed,  
In God to live, with him to reign;

To roam from sun to sun around,  
Without a shadow of control—  
To have no limit, know no bound,  
And be in all a perfect soul.

Could all the prayers that ever rose  
Since Adam fell in one combine,  
Though balm for all created woes,  
They were not worth one word of thine!

One word of thine! that word for *me*,  
On angel pinions borne above,  
May work some deed of mystery,  
And make *me* worthier of thy love.

And when my wild and daring soul  
Is journeying through the fields of space,  
As suns and systems by me roll,  
I'll find some matchless dwelling-place ;

Some new-made orb, where all is Love,  
Where God's bright angels oft repair,  
And when we're called by Him above,  
We'll dwell forever, ever there,

There, as unnumbered ages fly,  
I'll learn creation's archives through,  
Nor find in records long gone by  
One being half so dear as you.

By silvery streams, through spicy bowers,  
O'er dew-bespangled fields we'll rove,  
And spend our countless happy hours  
In all the joys of God-like Love.

August, 1845.

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## SPRING STANZAS.

ONCE more the Monarch of the North,  
The Ruler of the Storm,  
Shrinks back upon the verge of Earth,  
And hides his snowy form ;  
Sol's rays are darting fierce and wide  
O'er frozen lake and lea,  
He scatters fire on ice-bound tide,  
And bids the slave be free.



Once more a thousand gushing streams  
Glance gladly in the sun,  
And, sparkling in his golden beams,  
Their babbling wavelets run ;  
Again the tender grass puts forth  
Its timid spear of green,  
And, blushing o'er the secund Earth,  
Unnumbered flowers are seen ;

While every tree that braves the storms,  
And every creeping vine,  
Around their bare and rugged forms  
An emerald robe entwine ;  
And, through the forests' trackless maze,  
The gentle breeze of spring,  
Like some life-giving spirit, plays  
A song of welcoming.

August, 1845.

## WANDAH AND LENA WEE.

A TRADITION OF THE MOHOCK VALLEY.

BY BRO. F. J. OTTERSON.

NOTE.—The tradition of the existence of a great lake in the middle of this State many hundred years ago, is among the best verified of our Indian legends, having the sanction of professors of a science which should be unerring in its indications—I mean geology. The cause of the lake's disappearance, the Indians say, was as I have endeavored to represent—the rupture of the mountains near Little Falls. The fall was at first of great height, and the water, striking on a solid rock with stunning noise, obtained for the rock the name of “Astonroga,” or the “Rock of Thunder.” It is also averred that criminals, and even prisoners of war, were sometimes placed in a canoe and sent over the fall.

COME Muse, with me the Past explore,  
 And cull from its unlettered page  
 A legend of the days of yore,  
 The story of a buried age;  
 Tread back the dark'ning path of Time,  
 Long cycles ere Genoa's son  
 Unfurled in Mexico's golden clime  
 The gorgeous Spanish gonfalon,—  
 And by the struggling beams of light  
 Traditions shed along our way—  
 Like meteors flaring through the night,  
 A moment counterfeiting day—

Behold the chiefs of chase and war  
O'er all this Western World outspread,  
Before their early culminated star  
Declined, and all their glory fled.  
All o'er the broad and rich domain,  
For leagues around the Mohock's springs,  
Once spread a mighty water-plain,  
Disputed by two rival kings;  
Two nations on its shores contend  
Which shall possess this gem of earth,—  
The Iroquois the south defend,  
The brave Algonquins hold the north.  
And tomahawk and scalping-knife,  
In covert or in open fight,  
Had dealt, through years of wary strife,  
Their vengeance with a warrior's might;  
And showers of arrows, lightning-spel,  
From many a safely ambushed foe,  
Heaped earth with the Algonquin dead,  
Or laid the Iroquois as low.  
Yet though for years they waged the war,  
No vantage ground had either gained,  
The bounds of each were known as far,  
As bravely each their rights maintained:  
Nor were the nobler thoughts, that strive  
In every human heart, unknown—  
Kind Friendship's fire was yet alive,  
And Love was master of his throne.  
Once, on a secret mission sent,  
The youthful chief of Iroquois  
Saw in Algonquin's royal tent  
A Helen for another Troy;

Her eyes as dark, her form as light  
And graceful as the startled roe,  
Her hair was like the wing of night,  
Waved in the sun's departing glow.  
They met—they gazed ;—one sudden gleam,  
Like lightning on a midnight sky,  
Awaked their souls, as from a dream,  
And showed the threat'ning tempest nigh ;  
The passions' tempest, waked by Love,  
Where hearts are barques and time the sea,  
Where Hymen is the faithful dove,  
The herald of tranquillity.  
They met—they gazed ;—no word he spoke,  
Yet years of converse could not tell  
The title of all the love that broke  
From Wandah's eye, and like a spell  
Thrilled through the frame and filled the soul  
Of Lenawee with wild delight,  
Gave her warm blood a quicker roll,  
And made her brilliant eyes more bright.  
They met—they loved ;—yet fate adverse  
Embittered all their cup of bliss—  
The maiden gained a father's curse  
In yielding Love's impassioned kiss :  
Their yearning souls denied to meet,  
What wonder if by stealth they sought,  
In paths unknown to others' feet,  
The image of their constant thought?  
Between two mighty hills, that lay  
Along the bright lake's eastern verge,  
Spread the fair surface of a bay  
Secure from every storm-sent surge—

One of those calm and cool retreats,  
 So oft and yet too rarely given,  
 A spot which every one who meets  
 Will think the vestibule of Heaven.

Here, when the eye of day was closed,  
 And moonbeams lingered on the trees—  
 Whose arms, breeze-shaken, interposed  
 A murmur of sweet harmonies,—  
 Here Lenawee and Wandah met,  
 And whispered of their hopes and fears;  
 Discovery was death, and yet  
 They came with smiles and went with tears.

How safely o'er the limpid tide,  
 By zephyrs gently wafted on,  
 Their two small barques moved side by side,  
 As closely as if blent in one!  
 Alas! could not that hallowed place  
 Be sacred to the youthful pair?  
 Must the stern tyrant of his race  
 Pursue their footsteps even there?

'Twas Autumn; and the faded leaves  
 Sailed slowly down upon the wind,  
 Leaving, like Death when he bereaves,  
 The living germ of Hope behind;  
 'Twas Autumn, and the sun was dim,  
 As if his fire was nearly gone,  
 The breeze wailed out a mournful hymn,  
 And every heart was sad and lone;—

'Twas Autumn,—over land and main  
 A veil of azure haze was thrown,  
 As if the parent Heaven again  
 Had claimed our planet as her own,

And the blue vestments of the sky,  
For garniture of glory given,  
Till scarcely could the straining eye  
Tell which was Earth or which was Heaven.

Such was the time, when through the glen  
And o'er the lovers' bay rung out  
The heavy tread of savage men,  
The echo of their battle shout ;  
Their long and patient search at last  
Was crowned with ill-deserved success,  
And like a flying phantom passed  
The lovers' hopes of happiness.

Wandah was there, and by his side  
The idol of his ardent soul—  
His lovely, long affianced bride—  
True as the needle to the pole.  
Just at the entrance of the bay  
Their little barques together rode ;  
'Twas the first time they dared by day  
To meet e'en in this safe abode.

"The war cry! we are found—and lost!  
Fly, Wandah! you may yet be saved!"  
Cried Lenawee, while faintness crossed  
Her heart. "Fly, Wandah! I have braved  
My father's vengeful ire for you,  
And have been happy! Now the deer  
Is stricken at the spring. Adieu!  
I only ask a pitying tear!"

No word he spoke, but with a bound  
Stood by the frightened maiden's side,  
A moment fiercely glanced around,  
Then out upon the broader tide,

With lightning speed, his strong arm sent  
 Their barque, till, far from either beach,  
 He recked not what the bow they bent,  
 He was beyond their utmost reach.

High on a rock, which overhung  
 The entrance to the little bay—  
 Adown whose sides the ivy clung,  
 In all its Autumn colors gay—  
 The warrior-band, whose cry of joy  
 Had warned the lovers of their doom,  
 Appeared to the undaunted boy  
 Like giants in the azure gloom.

And soon his ear attent has caught  
 The sound of boats upon the wave,  
 A fast approaching squadron, fraught  
 With hands to kill, but none to save;  
 They come! they come! their arrows fall  
 In showers around the fated pair,  
 Their furious cry his ears appal,  
 For Mercy has no echo there!

But see! why turn they now to gaze  
 Upon the gloomy, reddening sky,  
 Along whose margin lightnings blaze,  
 Telling of fierce tornados nigh?  
 From North to South the Tempests' wings  
 Spread all the wide horizon round,  
 Like armies, led by viewless kings,  
 To sweep the world's remotest bound.

What is there in that blood-like fire,  
 Rending the murky cloud in twain?  
 What is there in the thunder's roar,  
 And in the earth's reply again?

'Tis but the Storm-King's battle cry,  
His shout, as forth he goes to war—  
The flashing of his fiery eye,  
The rattling of his awful car!

The thunder dies—the air is still—  
All life is hushed with wondering dread,  
As if it were the Maker's will  
That Nature should awhile be dead.  
Look! O'er the surface of the lake,  
Where not a breath of air has passed,  
Huge waves uprising roll and break,  
As if before a whirlwind's blast.

As some strong man, whose giant form  
By one great shock a moment bent,  
Through mighty struggles fronts the storm,  
Just when his strength is almost spent,  
Once more inhales the air, and spreads  
His sinewed breast to meet the foe,  
While through his system proudly treads  
A thrill the strong can only know:

So struggled Earth—her mighty heart,  
Torn by the fire's devouring flame,  
Heaved her broad breast with nervous start,  
As if her great breath went and came—  
As if some Demon held her back,  
To break whose strong and loathed embrace,  
She gave to universal wrack  
The fairest glories of her face!

High up the mountain's toppling side  
The lake has heaved its striving waves,  
While powerless on its foaming tide  
Are tossed the horror-stricken braves.



Wandah alone was fearless now,  
Of all who saw the earthquake's strife;  
His doom was set, nor cared he how  
He yielded up his forfeit life.

With one strong arm the youth upheld  
The fainting form of Lenawee,  
While to her sire he fiercely yelled  
Defiance in his misery:  
For now the old man's ire was gone;  
He trembled for his erring child,  
As on the mount he stood alone,  
Beating the air with gestures wild.

Another thrill!—the mountain rends  
With this, the last convulsive throe,  
And the vexed water fast descends  
Upon the woody plain below.  
Then rushed upon the trembling land,  
Far louder than the earthquake's shock,  
The water-music, wild and grand,  
Wrung from the flinty thunder-rock.

Down the new rapid swiftly sped  
Young Wandah brave and Lenawee,  
The while his threat'ning posture said,  
"I scorn thee yet, mine enemy!"  
And to appease his wandering shade—  
In sight of bliss doomed e'er to roam—  
His terror-stricken foeman made  
"More than a human hecatomb."

Ages have wandered on, and now  
Another race is dwelling where  
The Indian Lovers pledged their vow,  
Upon the bay so sweetly fair;

And where the mighty lake was known,  
Young cities, full of busy strife,  
As if by magic, random sown,  
Have sprung like Pallas into life.  
Yet oft the Red Man loved to tell  
The story of those hearts so true,  
When Indian Summer mildly fell,  
And all the Earth was wrapped in blue;  
And oft, he said, from Mohock's vale,  
He saw the water-fall of old,  
And oft he heard the father's wail  
For Lenawee, the fair and bold;  
Heard once again the earthquake roar,  
And felt the tremor of the ground,  
Heard Astonroga's music pour  
Its mighty amplitude of sound;  
Yet fainter, fainter grew the shade,  
And fainter grew the roaring fall,  
"As we are doomed," said he, "to fade,  
And, shade and substance, vanish all!"

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

## FLIGHT OF FANCY.

BY P. G. A. A. PHILLIPS.

'Twas on one of those beautiful evenings, such as we experience only in the balmy month of June, that I seated myself at my window, looking out upon the southern heavens, for the purpose of indulging in a perusal of the works of that delightful, noble authoress, L. E. L. What hours of delightful reverie have been mine, when, with the volume of this touching writer in my hand, I have abandoned myself to the full scope of my imagination, led on by the lofty flights of her soaring mind! On this evening to which I allude, among that portion of her poems called "Fragments," these words attracted my attention:

"Methinks that life is what the actor is,—  
Outside there is the quaint and gibing mask;  
Beneath, the pale and care worn countenance."

This graphic picture of the deceitful nature of the attractions which this fleeting life temptingly presents was so forcibly presented to my imagination

that I fell into one of those trance-like slumbers that will occasionally fasten upon a mind absorbed with its own musings.

Consciousness becoming lost to herself, I found myself within one of the most delightful enclosures that ever delighted mortal eye. Beside me was one of those beautiful beings whose loveliness is indescribable ; to dwell upon her form and features would be to dissect the rose by examining separately each leaf and severing it from the flower. Her voice was sweetest music, and she trod the ground with the lightness and agility of the graceful doe. Flowers of every variety and hue surrounded me, while the air was filled with their fragrance. An apparently interminable bed of the rarest roses arrested my attention, and my admiration was expressed in the warmest language,—when the smiling countenance of the bright being who guided me through this paradise was darkened with a touching sadness, and fixing her full bright eye upon me, she extended her arms over these blooming, fragrant specimens of animated nature, and addressed me with a voice full of tender melancholy.

“ Gaze on,” said she, “ but the beauty of these flowers will fade away, and never bloom again ; other objects will arise, other flowers will spring and bloom in lieu of them, and fresh ones will smile

as if in mockery over the grave of their predecessors. It is a pity that it must be so. Smile not, poor mortal, at my sympathy ; I cannot feel as thou dost, for the cold iron of adversity has entered my soul. To me a withered leaf, a faded flower, a cheek

‘ Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,’

are sympathetic objects, possessing irresistible attractions. Certainly things must and will change. The stars and other bright and glorious orbs must become extinct, or lose their wonted forms ; the climes which now contain myriads of human beings, the site of all their cities, towns, and hamlets, forests and verdant plains, must become a barren desert, where man nor beast, bird, nor tree, nor blooming flower, can have existence. Why then mourn for the fate of these spring-time beauties ? Why sigh over these ruined flowery favorites, when summer with fragrant sweets is near at hand, to give you more than you have lost ?

“ We often think and act in vain, and every pulse that beats and every hour that passes are vain as a loud midnight revel, or a troublesome dream, when the heated imagination will not let its sad possessor sleep in peace until the morning’s dawn. This life is but a fading scene, which ought, nevertheless, to remind us that we were born for pure, high views, for higher and still nobler ends ; our

pleasures should be chaste and pure, resulting from the mind ; pleasures, not to intoxicate, corrupt, and wear away the body, but to invigorate both body and mind, and bear us through the world with honor, that, when we come to die, we may be honored still. Whether we toil through life at the plough, in the pulpit, at the bar, with the spade or the pen ; whether we live as humble sons of fortune, or shine above our fellow men,

‘ Like Hesperus among the lesser lights ;’

if we be good and kind, we *live*, and we shall *die*, with honor which no empty fame can give, nor sculptured marble can bestow.

“ As you gaze on these flowers, think, aye *know*, that man fills his place on earth far more than do these beauties of the Spring. How vain and blind, how poor and wretched, how ignorant and contemptible, is man—the self-styled lord of creation ! These beauteous flowers were born but to bloom and fade, and then make room for other flowers to bloom and fade likewise ; but man, poor, conceited, worthless being, was born for love and peace, and he delights in hate, and fiercer passions. The blooming wand of happy love was placed in his young hand, and he dashed it to the earth, where it lies broken, and all who are like me in mind and heart are weeping over it. Aye ! he dashed it to the earth, and spurned it afterwards in scorn, and

then took up the sword of war and faction, and all the ills of discord and commotion. Nothing can remove his evils; they will tear his heart from his breast, and then he will be at peace, but not till then! While he lives he must be wretched.

"I was the young and happy bride of a happy husband; I gave him the first bud of love my young and ardent heart put forth; and when that heart, wet and nourished with the balmy drops of purity and virtue, bloomed with the mature love of womanhood, my soul was his, and year after year sped away with the purest happiness. But alas! that destroyer of the fondest affection, that hydra-headed monster, Jealousy, seized upon him; he doubted the honor of his wife, the poor being you see before you—he believed I never loved him—that I who had left the joys and solace of my father's house, yielded the caresses bestowed by a mother upon an only daughter—who left all I loved and revered, for his love—that I was false to that love. From the happy family we were, we became a house of perfect misery. My husband, once so gay, and frank, and kind, became cold, morose, and cruel, and being now without a protector in the cold unfeeling world, I could not brook his unwearied contumely and insult. I strove with heart and mind to show him the false monster who held him in fangs poisonous to his

soul, but he spurned me. Condemned unheard, convicted without evidence, my woman's soul roused in me the dignity which virtue bestows, and, indignant at his injustice and falsity, I left him forever, and my habitation is here, amid bower and glen, alone and unloved. But why should I despair? Stop thy course of woe, mild, drooping remembrance! thy tears drown my eyes, and will not let the beams of cooler reason dissipate the gloom of blind and languid grief. There certainly exist in this poor world some sparks of those Promethean fires lighted by Love, Friendship, and Truth, which are unquenchable, and never can be totally destroyed. Yet it will arise above all the world, though I may at times despair, when my exhaustible source of hope has been robbed of its smiling riches by the iron hand of disappointment; although hope's fairest flowers be withered, and their dry, scentless leaves, be moistened by my tears, other and stronger minds may think and feel that energies are bursting forth into inextinguishable light, that may illumine all future ages.

"This human picture has too much shade. Turn from its revolting scene to look again on these lovely flowers, and inhale their honied sweetness. I love them, and can praise their beauties, and not corrupt them with flattery. I called you from your book, that *you* might look upon them



before they fade. She who toiled to write that book to gain herself a name—to be beloved when life was gone, vainly thought that her weak words were powerful, and that their eloquence would enchant the mind and rivet it to her page. Alas, how blind! these flowers are sweeter, can teach you more, can give a better lesson. You left her page to read a far more lovely page. These flowers are well placed words to the pure mind and heart; they produce sensations, and feelings, and ecstasies, which are ineffable, and never can be spoken. Should a few like them be permitted to grow upon thy grave in silent cheerfulness, and neither weed nor any other thing disturb them, you will then have the choicest epitaph that ever poet wrote, or sculptor chiselled, or passing stranger read, with the emotions of pity and admiration. Your authoress was the lioness of the literary circles of her time, and yet her grave is beneath the scorching sun of Africa, and her end was cheerless and joyless. Study Nature, and through her, Nature's God."

As she concluded, she left me, retiring with a rapid yet graceful step; and as she disappeared, I arose from my seat, and found myself gazing upon the star-lit canopy, studded with jewels of angelic purity, and found that my ramble amid the elysian bowers had been merely upon Fancy's wings;

and the volume upon which my mysterious mistress had commented was lying beside me. Miss Landon's works cannot be read without pleasure and profit; they are full of chastity of thought, and abound with noble sentiment; and yet, her lessons are but the echo of her great mistress, Nature, the mirror reflecting light from its great mysterious source.

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

## MY HEART IS SAD.

BY P. G. PETER SQUIRES.

My heart is sad—my heart is sad—  
And dark with sorrow is my soul ;  
Bright hopes of future once I had,  
And just before me seemed the goal  
Of happiness ; but now, no mind  
My sum of misery may add ;  
Asleep, awake, no joy I find,  
For O ! my heart, my heart is sad.

Around me shadows darkly roll ;  
No forms of loveliness I see ;  
The smile that once could glad my soul  
Beams not—or beams no more for me.  
I sigh, and sigh, yet sigh in vain,  
To gaze upon that face divine,  
Or wake within that breast again  
The throb that once returned to mine.

The sun still sheds as rich a hue,  
And moon and stars as sweetly smile—  
As gently falls the evening dew  
As erst, on mountain and on isle ;

On every gale unnumbered sweets  
On silken wings come floating in,  
But no loved form my fancy meets—  
My heart is dark and sad within.

Music's sweet voice, which, like a spell,  
Once held in thrall each passion wild,  
As on my raptured ear it fell,  
And every earth-born care beguiled,  
Now comes with dull unmeaning sound,  
Waking no pulse of joy within,  
For sorrow's hand my harp hath bound,  
And silence dwells on every string.

Oh I would seek a wild retreat,  
On some far-off, sequestered shore,  
Where no false friends, with treacherous feet,  
Nor perjured love, shall haunt me more.  
There I would pass each weary hour  
Of life in loneliness away,  
'Till sense and thought shall lose their power,  
And my last pulse shall cease to play.

But see! a smile is on her brow—  
Ah, yes! again she smiles on me!  
She sings that same sweet song—and now  
It thrills my soul with ecstasy!  
Fled is each sorrow and each pain,  
That hung my spirit darkly o'er,  
My silent muse now sings again,—  
My heart is dark and sad no more.

NEW YORK, July, 1845.

## RACHEL BUDOLPH.—A TALE.

BY P. G. PASCHAL DONALDSON.

## I

THE night was bitterly cold; the snow and sleet beat violently against the casement; the inmates of Mr. Embury's dwelling sought the comfortable fireside: suddenly, a knock was heard at the door. A servant answered the summons, and presently returned with a sneer, observing that the intruder was "only a beggar." The worthy menial had abruptly banged the door in the visitor's face. "Like master, like man!"

But the knock was repeated with redoubled vigor; and with a frowning brow Mr. Embury himself proceeded to the hall, and confronted the intruder.

He was indeed, from appearance, a *poor man*. He had wrestled with misery for years: his head was prematurely silvered; his face was shrivelled by hardship and disease; and his form was ema-

ciated by the gnawing and wearing effects of hunger. Besides, he was an incurable cripple.

"Mr. Embury," said he, "I would not disturb you for my own sake ; I am here for yours ; and though your base servant has thrust me from your door, I have persevered. I ask no requital ; I only beg that you will listen to me."

"*You do me a service,*" replied the rich man, scornfully ; "begone ! your impertinence is past endurance."

The poor man could not bear this contumely ; he grew angry. "As you please," he said, "as you please ; I was a fool to suppose that poverty and rags would be heeded by *you*. But one will soon appear, fashionably dressed and plausible, who seeks to involve you in a ruin from which I would fain save you : you will receive *him* with respect, even though he come to brand you with infamy and crime. I leave you to your fate ; you will hereafter remember the poor man—and what he *might* have done for you."

And pressing his hand against his aching brow, he gathered up his crutches and departed. The man of riches, and ease, and health, returned quietly and thoughtfully to his fireside. Which of these two—the poor destitute cripple and the wealthy gentleman—was the more acceptable to God ?

A half hour had scarcely elapsed; another knock resounded through the hall.

The new visiter, as the cripple had predicted, was admitted with bland smiles and obsequious attention. He was courteously invited into the parlor; a seat was placed by the fireside for his convenience; the ladies glanced into the mirror and adjusted their hair, anxious to appear well in the eyes of the *gentleman*. He was a young man, spruce, and starched, and fashionable, with an excess of guard-chain and shirt collar, and a countenance that signified—nothing.

"Mr. Embury," said he, after a pause of some moments, with a smile that seemed very like a sneer, "could you favor me with a private interview? I have an important matter to communicate."

The master of the house moved uneasily in his chair. "Is there particular necessity for privacy?" he demanded. "I am here surrounded by my own family, from whom I have no secrets."

The stranger again paused, to observe the family circle. It consisted of the wife and three young women: two of these were Embury's daughters; the third was an adopted child. She was a fair—nay, a beautiful girl of nineteen, with a sweet expression, and a caste of countenance, that, to a careful observer, would indicate birth and station

above those of her companions—who, it was quite evident, were both vain and ignorant. On the face of this girl the gaze of the youth rested. She, however, gave little heed to it; but sat with her hands clasped in her lap.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said the visitor, at last, "but, really, my business is of a private nature." As he spoke, he looked significantly at the young woman we have described. Mr. Embury smiled; but his face became a shade paler than usual; and, without further remark, he rose and led the way to a private apartment. The stranger folded his arms calmly, looked steadily into his companion's face, and abruptly asked,

"Is not the lady with the brown hair Miss Budolph?"

The rich man sank upon a sofa; his heart beat; a chilling sensation crept through his veins. But he answered with forced calmness in the affirmative; adding that Miss Budolph was an adopted daughter, whom he had rescued in her infancy from poverty, and for whom he had provided with much care and consideration.

The visitor smiled,—it was a smile that a fiend might honor,—and observed that he had few words to say; that it was an unpleasant subject on which he was called to speak; that he knew one *Richard Watson*, who was familiar with Miss Budolph's



history, and the circumstances connected with her earlier life: that he had but one proposal to make—and this was marriage with the lady, with half—only half!—the wealth Embury possessed.

Mr. Embury listened with a face of marble. For a moment, he resolved to struggle with his fears, and thrust the ruffian from his presence; but conscience, which makes cravens of us all, effectually cowed *him*, and he stood before the scheming villain with dread and apprehension.

At length, however, he roused himself; he refused to listen to his companion's demand. Sharpe—such was the stranger's name—smiled, and proceeded, with a frightful calmness, to draw on his gloves. Then Embury changed his tone; he addressed the harpy in words of entreaty. As well might he strive to move the marble of the toilet-table on which he leant his trembling arms!

At last a thought occurred to him: he would pretend to agree to the demand; Sharpe should marry the girl; and the settlement of the property should be left for after consideration.

"I yield—I yield!" he cried, fiercely; "you know all; and, to insure your silence, I must submit. Come, then, to-morrow night, and you shall see and woo Miss Budolph."

"And in the meantime," replied Sharpe, with a grin, "papers of agreement shall be drawn; you

shall bind yourself to me and another by a firm *present*."

Mr. Embury made no reply; yet he smiled at the idea of his being induced to bind himself to that *other*: he well knew that *he* would not dare to appear. Sharpe immediately took his leave. In an hour, the master of the house returned to the family circle, with a disturbed and angry countenance.



## II.

The cripple, after he had left the rich man's door, turned the corner of a gloomy street, and walked on. The cold wind rudely dashed the freezing rain upon his pallid face: he scarcely heeded it, however; for thought was busy in his breast.

"Why, O why," said he, "should the wronged orphan suffer for the obstinacy of this brute? Why should she be turned to merchandise, and made the bride of a low villain, who can never prize her worth, and whose abuse may drive her to despair,—aye, perhaps to crime? \* \* \* \* No! it shall not be! The hand of God has been heavy on me; alas! I know not whether even she will heed me: but her young heart must not be crushed in its bloom."

As he concluded, he paused at the door of a shop; he entered, and asked for pen, ink, and paper: he obtained them, and thus wrote:—

“Miss Budolph: Do not be surprised at this communication; it comes from one who would save you from a bitter life. Come, at the hour of noon to-morrow, to the corner of —— street and —— square, and you shall hear what most deeply concerns you.”

He folded the note, and retraced his steps to Embury's. Luckily, he met a servant who was more courteous than the fool who had insulted him a few minutes previously; and he persuaded this man to convey the note to Miss Budolph. Thus having accomplished his object, he proceeded to his cheerless home.

The servant handed the note to Miss Budolph as she was ascending to her chamber. She read it with surprise: she could not comprehend it: possibly it might be a scheme to entice her to her ruin. And yet its requirement was reasonable; it was merely that she would meet the writer in a public thoroughfare in broad noonday. Could there be any impropriety—any wrong intended—in this? And then there *were* mysterious circumstances connected with her whole life. She had been the Cinderella of Mr. Embury's household for years; yet she had often thought that she was entitled to more consideration and respect than she

received. Remembrance indistinctly painted times long passed, when a white-headed old man kissed her young cheek and clasped her to his heart. Then again she thought of the strange conduct of Mr. Embury, who had shunned her for months, and always appeared to view her with a kind of distrust.

She was interrupted in her reflections by a knock at her chamber door, and by the immediate presence of Embury himself. She was startled, but the intruder kept her not long in suspense. He made no apology for his abrupt and unseasonable appearance, but proceeded at once to name the motive of his visit.

"Rachel," he said, "Mr. Sharpe, the young gentleman who visited me this evening, aspires to your hand. It is my wish that you favor his addresses."

The poor girl could not reply; she was mortified—grieved—amazed. She had been an object of wrong and insult for weary years, but this was a new species of tyranny, which she had not anticipated. I have said that she made no reply: Mr. Embury was usually so implicitly obeyed, that he did not await an answer, but left the chamber as abruptly as he had entered it.

Rachel heard his retreating footsteps, and a momentary impulse suggested flight, rather than compliance with a demand so unjust: then her eye

rested on the note of her unknown correspondent. Is it strange, that, circumstanced as she was, she resolved at all hazards to see the stranger?

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### III.

A few minutes before noon, Miss Budolph proceeded to the spot which had been designated by the unknown author of the note. He was there before her, and at once recognized and approached her.

"Miss Rachel," he said, "I thank you for listening to my request. You do not know me, but I am your friend. When you were a little child, I used to see you often; a deep shade of melancholy always dwelt on your face, and I thought you unhappy. But you have come, in answer to my wish, and I must not detain you longer than necessary. Accompany me, then, to my poor abode, and hear what I am most anxious to communicate."

Miss Budolph hesitated. She felt that her embarrassment was injustice to her friend, but she could not avoid it. He saw her difficulty, and was pained. Alas! how our judgment from "external appearances" leads us whithersoever it will!

"You do not like my looks," said the cripple, at last. "Well, I cannot blame you; the fault is not

yours. Let us walk, then, where we may converse unnoticed."

The girl was grieved, and would have replied ; but the cripple turned suddenly down a retired street, and she followed him. They were no sooner out of the busy throng, than the man said,

" My dear young lady, you must be calm, and listen with patience. You must not lose your presence of mind, or all our hopes may be ruined. The tale I have to relate is one that will astound—will pain—you ; but I beg of you to remember that our best friends in severe trials are Patience and Firmness. You have been the victim of gross wrong, and your adopted father, Edward Embury, is a base villain. Last night I called at his house, partly with a view of serving him, but mainly to preserve you from the snare of unprincipled men. I was driven from his door with scorn ; yet I resolved to make an effort to save you ; and, to some extent, thank Heaven ! I have succeeded."

Miss Budolph's eyes filled with tears ; she was about to speak, but her companion interrupted her by inquiring whether a strange man had not, the night previous, called on Mr. Embury.

He was answered in the affirmative.

" Yes—yes !" he exclaimed ; " I knew it ! The first scene of the drama has been played ! Miss Rachel, the man I have named is known to me :

he is a thief and vagabond. Yet *he* demanded a private interview with your adopted parent,—he obtained that interview,—he accused Embury of a crime that, proven, would hang even a millionaire; but the craven brute, with a hope of escaping the consequences of his crime, would sacrifice *you*. Ha! he contemned the poor man! He should read the fable of the insect and the king of beasts!"

As the cripple spoke, his brow grew flushed; his bosom heaved; his whole face indicated fierce passion. Rachel was for a moment alarmed, but her companion soon recovered himself. He apologized for his violence, and continued, with more calmness:

"Last night I was sitting quietly in the 'Deer's Head House,' awaiting a person I had promised to meet there, when two men entered, and seated themselves in a 'stall' next to the one I occupied. It was evident that they had not observed me, for they soon commenced a conversation that, from its tone and character, was, doubtless, intended for no ears but their own.

" 'Mr. Sharpe,' said one, 'you are most unreasonable. I shall not agree to your demand; and, if you do not like the offer, you are at liberty to reject it. I can do well enough without you.'

" 'Yes, no doubt,' replied the other, scornfully: 'you must have a *very* firm hold of Edward Em-

bury, when by exposing him you convict yourself! No! no! you can't gammon me. *You* must keep out of sight, old boy. It will be well, therefore, for you to come to my terms, else I may deal with Embury himself, against his most particular friend, Richard Watson.'

"I will not shock you by repeating what followed. Although the confederates spoke in whispers, they called down on each other's souls the most horrid curses; and at one time I expected to hear blows. But the first speaker—who appeared to be an elderly man—yielded, by degrees, every point to his determined accomplice; and at last they agreed upon a plan of operation.

"I need not detail their further conversation as it occurred; I will merely relate its substance. And now, Miss Budolph, you will need all the firmness you can command. I again adjure you, be calm and patient.

"Edward Embury, your adopted father, a number of years ago, became the companion and friend of a Polish nobleman, who had brought with him to America the proceeds of a large property, together with a young child,—an only daughter. This nobleman made his friend's house his home, and liberally compensated for the privileges of that home. Embury, however, it appears, was an unprincipled and covetous villain: he aspired to his



benefactor's wealth : in less than one year from the time of his arrival in this country, the nobleman suddenly died, while his child was absent from his side, and *Richard Watson*, who was a physician that attended Embury's family, certified that the deceased came to his end by an apoplectic attack. The thing was natural and of every day occurrence ; so the doctor was believed, and the count was buried.

" Shortly after the funeral, the child was brought home. She was too young to feel her loss. She was adopted by Mr. Embury as his daughter ; and, as few had seen or known her, she was represented as a poor orphan, whom Mr. Embury, in the abundance of his charity, had taken into his family."

The cripple paused to look on his fair companion. Her face was ghastly pale ; her lips were bloodless ; and scarcely had he finished his last words, when she staggered, and fell fainting on the pavement.

It needed not that he should add, that the nobleman was *her* father ; that *she* was the child Embury had adopted ; that Richard Watson, the physician, and Embury, her adopted parent, had *poisoned* the count de —, for the purpose of obtaining his wealth. She saw—she comprehended all ; and the knowledge was too sudden for her feeble nerves.

The poor man was embarrassed ; he, however, obtained assistance, and Rachel was conveyed to the nearest house. She was, in due time, restored to sense and reason. She opened her eyes, and gazed vacantly on the strange countenances around her ; but at last observing the cripple, she held out her hands, and said, in a feeble voice,

“ Come, let us go ; I am better ; take me home—to *your* home. Alas ! where is *my* home ! ”

Tears filled the poor man's eyes. But, with the assistance of another, he conducted her to his own house of poverty.

“ Here,” said he, to his wife, after the stranger who accompanied them had departed, “ is a lady who needs our good offices. She is welcome. God can protect her here the same as if she were under the roof of the rich and powerful. So, let us be thankful and contented. All things work for our good ; and even what seems to us most bitter, is often what we could most wish. Take courage, Miss Rachel, take courage ; I think I see the first faint streaks of a bright day that is about dawning on you. O ! how my heart now rejoices that Embury drove me from his door ! I went there to warn him of his danger and bid him to fly. He might have taken my advice, and then, perhaps, *you* would have been a victim of his disappointment and rage. Do not despair, then, Miss Bu-

dolph,—do not despair! Thus far, you see, all has gone well: the hand of Providence may be seen throughout this whole matter.

‘ There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.’ ”

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IV.

How little the heart feels what the tongue often utters! The man who thus addressed words of cheer and comfort to the drooping, heart-broken orphan, was crushed, at the moment he spoke them, by an abject poverty, from which no prospect of relief gave future promise. Wretched indeed was the poor cripple's place of abode!—a damp, dark cellar, where the light of the sun never shone—the air of heaven seldom entered. Some broken chairs, a table, a rude bed, and a few dishes, was the sum of his earthly wealth. A woman was there—his wife—whose face was of the hue of death, and whose brain, as her strange conduct plainly indicated, no longer did its office. There were children—four in number—with great wistful eyes, and hollow cheeks, and limbs a world too diminutive for the large garments they wore; one of these, a boy whose years did not seem to have exceeded three, approached the father, and, placing its little head on his knee,

broke into a piteous wail. The cripple, struggling against his emotions, took up the child, wiped the tears from its face, and at last hushed for a short season the voice of Hunger and Pain!

Reader! this is "no fiction." Poverty and wretchedness, equal to those here described, are brooding over thousands of God's children, whose wail of wo, could it be heard, would ring in your ear like the wild cry of despair from a field of battle. Man—man, to whom Heaven has given wealth, and ease, and comfort—"why sit ye idle," while pale Humanity is raising its puny arms and crying in a voice of agony for bread?—while the pallid faces of little children are turned imploringly toward you, mutely asking the crumbs that fall from your table? Surely, God is just. Will He not exact from those in whose hands He has placed the means to do good, a strict account? O ye who daily throw to the dogs what might feed hundreds of starving wretches, think ye that He will regard *your* prayer when you come to sue at His footstool?

The destitution we have depicted had been the lot of this man for months. Once, however, he had been in more comfortable circumstances; but an accident, which prostrated him upon a bed of pain, had left him a cripple for life. During many weeks, while he lingered on his rude couch, his wretched wife *begged*, to supply their daily wants.

The unhappy man saw, day by day, his devoted partner sinking under a load too weighty for her already enfeebled health. Day after day, she would refuse to partake of nourishment, and insist that the little money she had obtained should procure food for her children, and medicine for her husband. Time wore away—one of the little boys died; and the poor cripple could not follow his child in its rude coffin! At last he recovered, and went forth in quest of employment. Alas! he could obtain little work, that, with a broken limb, he might perform. And thus he had struggled on through the path of life, up to the time we have introduced him, obtaining occasional employment, but mainly depending on the charity of a selfish world.

The scene of misery that here presented itself added new griefs to Miss Budolph's already broken spirit. She looked on the haggard faces that surrounded her, and wept as though her heart were bursting. The cripple saw this, and again strove to cheer her. He spoke of her prospects; of what course must be pursued to foil the villains who had been leagued against her. He said that he had thought of a plan by which they might be drawn into a snare: "and though," he continued, "*your* sex, Miss Budolph, should not even connive at deception, it is perfectly correct for ours to use every

artifice to entrap any *thing*—call it by whatsoever name you will—that would wrong Woman. I will not tell you what I mean to do, but will only say that I intend to set these three rogues, like dogs, by the ears, and thus, I trust, compel them to commit some act that will result in their downfall and your exaltation.”

Poor Rachel grasped the cripple's hand, fell on her knees before him, called him her benefactor—her friend—her deliverer—and poured into his ear the grateful offerings of a guileless heart.

“God bless you! God bless you!” said she. She paused to wipe away her tears, and then continued, “You must allow me to depart for an hour. I wish to see one who has ever been kind to me. I promise you, that I can rely upon her most implicitly. Meantime, let me beg of you to await my return.”

Thus saying, before the cripple could reply, she departed. She repaired at once to a house in — street, and demanded to see the mistress. Her wish was granted at once, and the two retired to a private parlor. Their conversation need not be here detailed. The lady whom Rachel consulted was one of those whose hearts are ever open to the voice of distress,—one who possessed wealth, and knew the purposes it was designed to advance.

Miss Budolph told her story : she spoke in eloquent terms of the noble conduct of the cripple ; she described in glowing language his poverty ; and concluded by begging the means of relief, adding, that she would obtain employment herself, and repay the debt.

The lady heard with astonishment ; but she did not hesitate a moment. She proceeded to her cabinet—took thence a purse of gold—and placed it in Rachel's hand. " My child," she said, " fly to this poor family ; procure for them a comfortable home ; minister to their wants. Say not a word about repayment ; the money is not designed for you, but for the poor. You may depend upon my silence ; but let me add, that at any time, now or hereafter, this house may be your home. Go, my dear Rachel,—nay, no thanks ; God has bestowed on me the blessings of life in abundance ; surely, I can afford to give a tithe of that abundance to cheer His own suffering children !"

And Rachel left the good woman's presence, her heart overflowing with gratitude and joy.

What followed ? Ah ! has not the reader guessed ? Three days have elapsed since Rachel obtained the gold : the poor cripple and his family are no more clothed in rags and in the damp, loathsome cellar ; but they are in the occupancy of neat rooms and chambers, which are comfortably fur-

nished. And see! the mother's brow bears not that shade of anguish that once sat on it; the little boy who leant his aching head on his father's lap, and sent forth that piteous wail, is now shooting at marbles with his brother; and, as he claps his tiny hands and dances with glee, his young face upraised and lighted with joy, Rachel imprints a kiss on the merry cheek. Dear—dear lady, who thus sent happy gladness to those crushed and bleeding hearts, would to God that thy noble and generous soul were ubiquitous, that its loveliness might every where be seen and felt among men!

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## V.

The two worthies, Watson and Sharpe, sat together in a *café*, sipping sherry cobbler and listening to a song which was being *done* by a very red-faced girl on a platform, who had been denominated by the virtuous landlord *a fair enchantress!*

"Yes," said Sharpe, "the bird has flown! Miss Rachel Budolph has left her bed and board, and gone nobody knows where."

"All gammon, Sharpe, all gammon," replied Watson. "A trick of old Embury's, to bluff you off. Won't do!"

"You're an aged fool. Who should know better than me? Have I not been four times during the



three last days to Embury's, and is he not moving heaven and earth to find the girl?"

"He's a cunning man, Sharpe—a cunning man. He's keeping you off till he can find out my concealment. Ha! ha!"

Sharpe was about to make a fierce reply, but the attention of both was that moment attracted toward a lame gentleman who had approached them.

He was very genteelly dressed; and, with his black, broad moustache, gold headed cane, silver snuff box, and air of *abandon*, looked very much like a native of *la belle France*. Yet he was a Frenchman only in seeming. He was, in fact, none other than our friend the cripple, who had assumed this disguise for purposes which will hereafter be shown.

"Aha! you say somesing of Mamselle Budolph!" he exclaimed, at the same time taking a seat next to the speakers. "Mon Dieu! mon enfant have been *abuse*! Where I sall find Mamselle Budolph?"

The confederates looked on each other with astonishment, and on the intruder with displeasure.

"You not know, aha!" cried the Frenchman; "ver well; but you speak of a Monsieur Emberree; I sall much vish to see him. Aha! I sall wring his neck! he is one—vat you call dat name?—assassin!"

And the counterfeit Frenchman, Napoleon-like, looked fierce and took snuff. Watson and Sharpe were more than ever amazed ; but the cripple did not give them time to speak.

"I have come from Paris," he continued, in a louder tone, "to find my mother's brother, se count de ——. Aha ! I learn he have been murdered for his money—but that his daughter, my cousin, is still alive. Vere I sall find her ?"

Watson, who, as well as Sharpe, was completely duped by the cripple's artifice, was very much inclined to retire. Here was a most unaccountable—a most unexpected denouement ! What could be more annoying ? A nephew of the count de —— suddenly appearing, to frustrate them !—he had ascertained, too, that the nobleman was murdered, and actually knew the name of one of the criminals !

"Aha ! you sall not go !" shouted the Frenchman, as Watson rose from his seat ; "I must confare wis you. Vere I sall find a Monsieur Vason ? he knows somesing of my uncle's death. He is a—what you call in English ?—assassin. I sall pull his nose, and sen I sall shoot him, by gar !"

And again the Frenchman had recourse to his snuff-box. By this time Sharpe, who was much less alarmed than Watson, recovered his presence of mind, and ventured to speak. He and his friend

did not wish to be troubled, he said, with matters they knew nothing about; and he hoped the gentleman would drop the subject and leave them.

"Aha! aha! you sall tell me where I sall find Monsieur Emberree and Mamselle Budolph," replied the assumed Frenchman, thumping his fist upon the table; "you have been talk some time about sese two. Mon Dieu! now I see! sere is Vasson, de as-sas-sin. Aha!"

How conscious guilt will sometimes overpower the boldest heart! Here was a man—a cripple—whom these two strong ruffians could have crushed in a moment; yet they shrunk appalled before his frown; and Watson, the reckless criminal, who had been bold enough to aid in poisoning the count de —, trembled before the feigned relative of that murdered man! But as flight was his immediate impulse, he turned toward the door. The cripple's object being attained beyond his most sanguine wishes, no great effort was made to detain the fugitive, and he was soon on the street. Sharpe, darting a glance of fury at the Frenchman, precipitately followed.

Thus was snapped for ever the links that bound these wretches in the brotherhood of Crime. With the hope to effect this, the cripple had assumed the character and disguise of a Frenchman.

## VI

The day following the event we have just recorded saw Mr. Sharpe once more at the house of Embury; and, as usual, the two *friends* were closeted together. Sharpe was heated and angry; but he proceeded at once to narrate what had occurred at the *café*.

I shall not attempt to depict the agony with which the rich man received these tidings. He had for a few days been so tormented by his fears, that his family began to observe his strange conduct, and in this itself he saw an additional reason for apprehension. Every thing, indeed, had gone wrong with him. First, Sharpe had presented himself, as an accomplice of Watson—whom Embury supposed dead;—then Rachel had fled;—and now appeared, in quick succession, a foreign relative of the murdered count. The poor wretch was almost driven to desperation; and it is no wonder that he became heated and angry as his accomplice.

We need not dwell on their words and disputes; it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that, irritated by Sharpe's insolence and abuse, Embury struck him, and as a consequence received several wounds from a dirk, which left him, stunned and bleeding, on the carpet. He was found in that

condition an hour after the fray by a member of his family. Sharpe was gone—he had fled for ever. It was subsequently ascertained that he had been engaged in a violent altercation with his comrade Watson, previous to his quarrel with Embury; that the scuffle was deadly; and that in the end Watson was *killed*. As we shall have no further occasion to advert to this bad man and his career, we may here add that he led for a few years a wretched vagabond life, and at length died a violent and appalling death. Thus we may see how Crime trembles at shadows. The poor cripple's artifice at the *café* completely frustrated all the plans of these villains, and was an indirect means of leading them on to their destruction.

But we must return to Mr. Embury. He was mortally wounded; the physician said he could give him no hope, and that it would be well for him to prepare for death. Wretched man! so soon prepare for such an important event? But, reader, Embury was one of those who are wrapped in Self. He had enjoyed in life the substance of the count de —, though he murdered that nobleman to obtain it. *Now* he would propitiate Heaven ~~and~~ enjoy eternal felicity by restoring that wealth to the count's daughter. His own family could shift for themselves.

So Mr. Edward Embury repented in sackcloth

and ashes; confessed his crimes; called on God to forgive him; signed papers acknowledging the murder of Count ——; and declared that all he possessed, both real and personal, belonged, of right, to Rachel Budolph, the said count's daughter, to whom he willed, all and singular, the same. These documents were placed in proper hands; and soon afterward Mr. Embury gave up the ghost.

Thus the base murderer of his friend—the despoiler of the helpless orphan—the craven who shrunk, alarmed, from the threats of a brutal ruffian, died—a *saint*! Men praised him for his generous confession, followed his remains to their final dwelling place, and pronounced him *good*; for Death and Fear had driven him to make restitution. Let me be understood. Doubtless, as black criminals as Edward Embury have received the forgiveness of the All-Merciful; but why—O! why should not *their* memory be cursed? Surely, *all* praise is to be awarded to God, who, in the plenitude of his forbearance and love, accepts as a condition what Fear has driven the vile sinner to offer as a recompense. No, no: this bad man's ~~memory~~, so far from being lauded, should be condemned. It should be mentioned as that of one whose life was base and wicked; though his soul, through the Divine goodness, *may* have been saved in the end.

News of Edward Embury's death soon reached the cripple's ears ; and of course Miss Budolph likewise speedily heard of that event. The poor girl was grieved at the intelligence, though she had little cause to deplore the loss of one who had so deeply wronged her. But when the cripple learned the additional particulars, and ascertained that he himself, as a disguised Frenchman, had raised the storm which brought such sad results to Watson and Embury, while, at the same time, it had been the means of restoring Rachel to her rights, scarcely without an effort on the part of herself or her friends, he could with difficulty credit his own understanding. This was more than his most extravagant hopes expected. But it was true, miraculous as it seemed. Yet the cripple's heart, notwithstanding its joy, was saddened at the prospect of losing Rachel's society. He loved the sweet girl as dearly as if she were his own child. She had been kind indeed to him ; she had made him and his family the most contented, the happiest of mortals ; and he felt as though her presence were necessary to that happiness. It was, however, an alternative that could not be avoided, and he determined to submit to it with as good grace as might be.

Rachel received intelligence of the restitution that Embury, on his dying bed, had made, with a

palpitating heart. It was cheering news ; but it came upon her too suddenly for her weak nerves. In time, however, when she recovered and understood it, she empowered the cripple to act for her. She resolved never again to meet her former persecutors, Mrs. Embury and her daughters, though she instructed the agent to make an allowance to them sufficient for their support.

In due season, the cripple called on the proper persons, and claimed Rachel's estate. The settlement of various preliminaries required time, and some months elapsed before the heiress came into possession of her property. There was an attempt made, indeed, on the part of Embury's friends, to destroy her claim ; but their case became so hopeless, that it was eventually dropped in despair. So Miss Rachel Budolph, no longer annoyed with lawyers and litigation, was happy. Ay ! she *was* happy,—for she became the friend of the Poor—an angel of light and mercy in the abodes of want and wretchedness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since the event just narrated, years have gone by. Miss Budolph has changed her name, and bears that of one who is in every way worthy of her virtues and her wealth. She has now three sweet children of her own, who are as much like her as may be. They are mischievous little rogues,



too ; yet they always treat their mother's friends with respect. Ha ! here comes one of these friends ; he is a lame gentleman, who has just driven to the door in a chaise. Rachel meets him with a smile and a warm pressure of the hand. —The cripple is her agent, who attends to all her own and much of her husband's business, at a salary of \$2000 per year. He lives in a snug dwelling, as comfortably as the richest man in town. His wife's health, both of body and mind, has been fully restored ; his daughter is well settled in life ; his two eldest born are respectable men in good business ;—and his youngest child (the babe who, "long ago," wept on his knee,) is the merriest little fellow that ever gladdened a father's heart. As he thinks of all this, his eyes fill. Rachel had done more for him than he deserved ; every day witnessed some new mark of her kindness. He had received, a few hours ago, (he was growing old,) the title-deeds of a property worth \$1500 a year. It was too much ; she was too good ! But she had such a way of answering, when he attempted to remind her of the obligations she was constantly conferring ! "My dear friend," she said, "say no more. To *whom* am I indebted for my wealth and happiness ? Will you deny me the pleasure of making my benefactor's life one of ease and comfort ?"

## VIL.

Patient reader, my story is ended. It has been rapidly, and therefore concisely, told. I need scarcely inform you that the characters of Rachel Budolph, Edward Embury, and Richard Watson, were drawn from the following picture, which appeared a few weeks ago in some of the public papers :—

"ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE—A FATHER MURDERED.—*Relatives Wanted.*—Elizabeth T. Rudolph, of Syracuse, N. Y., advertises for friends or relatives in this country, or in Poland. Her history is as romantic as the most devoted novelist could desire. Her father was a Polish nobleman, Count Telisce Venusi Rudolph, who brought her to this country in 1824. She was placed in the family of Daniel Magee, tailor, who resided in Albany, and who poisoned her father to obtain his wealth. She was then adopted as Magee's daughter. A man calling himself John Cleaveland narrated these facts, adding that he was privy to the murder of her father. This statement has been partly corroborated by the following, found in an old Bible belonging to Magee :

" 'Eliza was born in Poland, May 19 ; her name is Elizabeth Teresa, named after her mother: her father was Count T. Venusi Rudolph, and I dest— O forgive—I can't write. D. MAGEE.'"

"The wife of the said Rudolph died just before he came to this country, and, according to information obtained from Mr. Cleaveland, was an English lady of rank. Miss R. believes she has relatives in this country or in Poland, and requests editors in America and Europe to publish the facts stated. Direct to Elizabeth Teresa Rudolph, Syracuse, Onondaga county, New-York."

Such is the history of an orphan's wrongs. It is not pretended that the tale *we* have written is a strictly true one. The reader will perceive that the above statement of Miss Rudolph furnished an idea for a tale. With the view of filling out my story, I have introduced characters which are purely fictitious. The *conclusion*, too, it will be seen, is imaginary. Let us hope, however, that, so far as the restoration to her rights is concerned, it may hereafter prove *real* to the much-wronged *Miss Rudolph*.

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

WATER  
PUBLIC

1912



THE FIVE MEN AT THE FALLS OF SACATTEWEE.



1  
—

ODD FELLOWS RELIEVING A BROTHER: OR,  
TIVOLI FALLS—AN INCIDENT.

THE beautiful little valley at the northern suburb of the ancient city of Albany has long been endeared to the residents of that capital; and it not only lives among the agreeable reminiscences of "the oldest inhabitant," but also holds a prominent place among the cherished recollections of the middle-aged, as the delightful "willow walks" of their youthful summer evenings, when the *Spawell* was worth a visit. Through this picturesque valley winds in quiet beauty a small stream, which, in days not long passed by, yielded to the knowing angler the delicious *silver trout*; but now, deserted by its scaly pride, and aroused from its luxurious ease, it is constrained to "work in the factory," and "serve its time" amid the noise and dust of the mill.

Before the innovating and obtrusive hand of internal improvement had pointed out this secluded valley as a feasible route for overcoming, by a gradual ascent, the abrupt rise from the valley of the Hudson in the pathway to the Great West,



and before the iron track of our modern Jehus had pierced its inmost recess, and driven quiet from her home by the noise of the hissing engine and thundering car, it was, of all others, the place for the enjoyment of the social *pic nic*; and many a happy party had made vocal with their songs the various paths where

“Merrily  
Dances the streamlet mid its sloping banks,  
Now bright with dazzling jewelry, and now  
Dark hung with leafy coverts——”

and

“Where thick branches are stretched o’er head—  
Through which the sunshine falls in broken streaks,  
And rains in golden sprinkles.”

Across the stream, at the point where the great northern road connects with the pavements of the city, is a substantial stone bridge, the broad parapets of which afford comfortable seats; and the structure has long been known by the soubriquet of “the kissing bridge,” for reasons for which we must refer to the experienced *lovers* of the vicinity, if happily there are any to be found so base as to *kiss* and tell of it. Following the course of the valley for something like a mile to the westward, the visitor will meet with what once was a most romantic spot, the beauty of which has been most effectually defaced by the railroad excavations; where the

creek, after lingering for miles above in sluggish indolence, among willow banks and thickets of alders, comes dancing down a path of rocks, leaping about as if rejoicing at the liberation from its muddy bed. Those who have seen it when the stream was somewhat swollen by a recent rain, will attest to the faithfulness and skill of our artist in the plate giving a view of Tivoli Falls and the Odd Fellows relieving a Brother.

It was here that three friends were wending their way, one pleasant Sunday afternoon after service-hours, happy in a delightful air and its fragrant sweets, given to it by myriads of opening blossoms sprinkled along the hilly slopes. Just at the Falls their attention was arrested by a man sitting on the bank at the bottom. He was at that moment dipping from the stream, with a leaf cup which he had formed, a drink of the water, and was soon observed to take from a small bundle a piece of bread. On discovering that he was observed, he exhibited some embarrassment; but recovering immediately, he saluted our three friends with a courteous frankness, that bespoke for him intelligence and agreeable manners not usually met with under such an exterior. A conversation ensued which proved interesting to the friends; and to a question as to whence he came, he stated that he was from England, that he was a machinist,

and had come to this land to find a country and a home. Through sickness his means had become dissipated, and, from the "pressure of the times," he had failed in finding employment, as his business was connected with a particular kind of manufacture, and his chances for a situation confined to a few establishments, far apart, and to him inaccessible. His last shilling had been expended in paying his ferriage across the river at Troy, and in purchasing a loaf of bread, of the remainder of which he was now making his second meal for the day. Having parted with much of his wardrobe to obtain the means of prosecuting his journey, with the assurance of employment, to a neighboring village, he had found himself, on the Saturday evening before, feeble and fatigued, at the end of the journey he had undertaken, only to hear that he could not get an hour's employment! In a frame of mind ill suited to rest, he passed the night, and early in the grayest dawn he was wandering he knew not whither, without object or aim. In passing through the streets of the city, everything wore an unusually quiet aspect; and, although late in the morning, there were but few abroad; and it was only when the "merry church bells" struck their first peal, that he bethought himself of the day, and felt a strong desire to attend their summons and mingle with the worshippers. But then

the want of preparation—his unshorn face and destitution of “clean garments”—forbade the indulgence. He therefore purchased a loaf, and crossed the river to wander along the hills that skirted the meadows on the western bank of the Hudson. He had reached this beautiful spot, and had made up his mind to remain here for the night, with an intention of working his way, on the morrow, to a western village, where there was slight hope of his getting employment at his business.

In the course of the conversation, one of the party asked him if he knew anything of Odd Fellows in England. He replied that he did—that he was one himself—and inquired if there were any *here*. On being answered in the affirmative, he drew from his pocket a card from his Lodge, which he handed to our friend. The card disclosed that the wanderer was a Past Provincial Grand Master—the same rank held by the person to whom he had presented his card.

The friends, it may well be supposed, were both surprised and pleased at this information,—surprised, that the poor wayfarer should prove a brother in distress, and pleased that they should have thus ascertained the fact. Nor was the stranger less pleased. He saw, by the countenances of his companions, that he had found friends whose hearts were not only susceptible of the ten-

derest sympathies, but who would make his cause their own, and cheerfully render him all the aid he needed.

The sequel is soon told. The houseless foreigner partook of good cheer, and slept not in the woods that night; and, with spirits elevated and means in his pocket, he was the next day briskly on his journey, to find the employment he had so long sought in vain. HE HAD MET WITH A BROTHER !

EN-HAKKORE.

ALBANY, August, 1845.

## THE MARINER—OR THE TWO ODD FELLOWS.

BY S. ANNA LEWIS.

## I.

IN Nieva's Bay the winds are high,  
The yeasty waters lash the shoals,  
The lightnings dart along the sky,  
Around the rattling thunder rolls ;  
The birds affrighted seek their nest,  
The trembling flocks troop to their fold ;  
For some securer place of rest,  
The wild deer leaves the dangerous wold,—  
And men look out upon the wave  
Where many a ship sails free,  
That ere the morn shall find a grave  
Down in the treacherous sea :  
They look with swelling heart and tear,  
And sigh for the helpless Mariner.

## II.

The anxious mother walks the floor,  
As the fierce winds round her dwelling roar,  
Thinking upon her sun-burnt child,  
Whose home is on the ocean wild,—  
And from her pale lips bursts the prayer—  
"God save the helpless Mariner!"

## III.

The forests bow—the valleys shake—  
The sea-lashed rocks terrific quake—  
Through the hurtling heavens the red bolts coil—  
From their coral depths the waters boil—  
And o'er the billows, dark and dun,  
Booms fearfully the minute gun ;  
Then, by the livid lightning's flash,  
They see a vessel plunge and dash,  
Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—  
Her canvass rending in the blast—  
Her pale crew clinging to the mast—  
But none unto their rescue flee ;  
All shrink from the wrath of the raging sea,  
And only utter forth the prayer,  
“ God save the helpless Mariner ! ”

## IV.

At morning light the storm sweeps on ;  
They hear nor cry nor signal gun ;  
But the ship, with shivered mast and sail,  
Lies high on the rocks amidst the gale—  
And many a shattered beam, and spar,  
And splinter, strew the waves afar—  
And many a lifeless tar drifts down,  
Like a helpless reed on the billows thrown.

## V.

And there, far down that dangerous strand,  
Prostrate and bleeding on the sand—  
Afar from human aid and view—  
Lies all the living of that crew !

What is the wide green earth to him?  
He hath no power of speech or limb;  
He cannot put to flight the bird  
That seems impatient of its prey;  
He cannot utter even a word,  
To 'rest the traveller on his way.  
He only there can draw his breath,  
And gaze on the grim brow of Death;—  
He thinks upon his native land—  
His mother, on a distant strand,—  
He thinks upon that gentle maid  
That dwells in Albion's sunny glade,—  
Who then—ah! who will tell to her  
The fate of the helpless Mariner?

## V I.

Then, strengthened by the light of love,  
Which lingers latest round the soul,  
He rears his clinched palms above,  
Upward his swollen eyes do roll,  
And pleads that ere his senses fail,  
Some one may come to hear his tale,  
And waft it to that distant shore,  
That he shall ne'er revisit more.

## V I I.

A sound soon broke upon his ear,  
Of human steps approaching near;  
Ah! will the stranger hasten by,  
And leave the mariner to die?  
He thought; when, at his signal, ran  
To him the good Samaritan—  
Knelt anxiously beside him there,  
Extended him a brother's care;



His mantle doffed, and quickly flung  
It round his limbs all chill,  
Then cooled his burning lips and tongue  
With water from the rill,  
And bore the hapless man away  
With melting heart, yet calm,  
Unto his wounds from day to day  
Administered a balm,—  
He gave him smiles and welcome cheer,  
And hallowed sympathy,  
That made the sufferer strong to bear  
His pain and agony:  
He gave him more than wealth and power,—  
A shelter in misfortune's hour.

## VIII.

And like the Leper he went forth,  
With gladness in his heart,  
Blessing, as light he trod the earth,  
The good man's healing art—  
Extolling aye, on land or flood,  
The goodness of that Brotherhood,  
Whose creed is Love, and Charity,  
And Friendship, lasting as eternity.

TRoy, N. Y., August, 1845.

## CHARACTER.

BY P. G. SIRE JOHN A. KENNEDY.

PROBABLY there are no characteristics that so essentially distinguish one person from every body else, as the social development of the mind. We are apt to be more indelibly impressed by these, maugre science, than by the most decided indications of character presented in accordance to the laws laid down by the old monk, Lavater, to govern our judgment in physiognomy; or, to those defined by Fowler (or whoever is the more modern theorist in phrenology,) for controlling our opinions by the latest exercise of the inventive faculties. Doubtless each of these scientific modes of estimating character has its influence, more or less, on the judgment of every observer. The nicely balanced head, with a full development of the, so called, moral and intellectual organs, is most generally agreeable to the eye, and therefore well designed to make a favorable impression: the justly formed face, with features suited for a sitter

to an artist employed on angelic forms, will swell the soul with admiration ; while the want of these peculiarities will suffer us to look upon the object with indifference, if not with distaste. Yet none except a highly skilful professor would dare to choose a wife by the sole test of manipulation ; or to take a partner in business by the mere symmetry of visage. All prudent persons require a more extended acquaintance,—testimonials of previous good reputation ;—in short, they must have a social intimacy before they can risk, by connection with others, their domestic peace or secular employment.

True, it may be advanced that marriage sometimes results from love at sight ; and that partnerships have been formed through the interposition of brokers, and by a cursory glance at the lineaments of projected profits. But what is the usual sad history of the sequel, in such romantic cases ? A suit in chancery on a bill of divorcement ; an application for release in a court of insolvency.

While contrasting freely an intuitive faculty, common to both man and the inferior animals in proportion to their intelligence, with certain systems of speculative philosophy which have obtained notoriety, it is not designed to offend against true science ; science, which deserves and will command the homage of due reverence : remote may

the day be when science shall fail to have a controlling influence on the judgment and actions of men. But high considerations for worthy objects should not prevent us from entertaining, as we honestly do, abhorrence to the principles which induce the mass of that portion of the world who claim monopoly in mind, to bow before the shrine of whatever charlatan may set up preposterous theories as science,—apprehensive that, in case the new project should prove true, their discernment might be questioned.

Under influences of this kind, Physiognomy, when brought from the cloister to the light of day by its laborious expounder, was equally as popular as the rank materialism of the present time, the grossness of which is scarce attempted to be concealed by the dilapidated habiliments borrowed from its repudiated forerunner. It is no part of our present purpose to speak of the various systems of *science* recently promulged, (and received too,) raised out of the graves of the old German *Paw Doctors* : but having wandered unintentionally from our course, led away by an *ignis fatuus*, we shall endeavor to resume at the place of beginning.

Probably there are no characteristics that so essentially distinguish one person from every body else, as the social development of the mind. The

phrase "social development" should be understood as implying the personal deportment of any one toward all with whom he may come in contact. This embraces an immense variety of qualities, even in a single individual, under the different influences which govern the man. His most decided peculiarity, whatever it may be, will stand out prominently; nor will it be at all needful to trundle the fingers on a voyage of discovery for features of lesser dimension. Each one will speak for itself; and, to the moderately careful observer, in such language as not to be mistaken.

How often have all of us had occasion to note the fact that the social features of those with whom we mingle are more indelibly impressed upon us than their physical lineaments? Strangers we designate as tall or short, "red-headed" or "long-nosed;" but whatever impression such peculiarities may have made at first, by familiarity, it is very soon sponged off from the tablet of our memory, and the social character is written legibly in the place. For certainty, let us look around among our intimates, and what one is there among them that we would not describe by his social deportment, as gentlemanly, agreeable—or as unpolished, unsocial, *etc.*?

Now, there stands before us one; not a feature of his face sufficiently well remembered to be de-

scribed ;—his hair having prematurely changed, its color might be mentioned,—his complexion might also be named. But who could recognize the particular individual from the statement of his being a youngish man, of dark complexion, and with gray hair ? Should he, however, be delineated as a person “pre-eminently restless ; continually in motion ; indefatigable in his undertakings, yet indecisive ; intent on a vigorous enforcement of justice ; always in earnest ; excessively peevish, and yet seldom out of temper ;” who would not know the likeness ?

There is another one, of similar complexion with the last, and the privilege to boast of a few more years ; but his locks remain black as those of a Penobscot Indian, a slight tint of whose blood he exults to have coursing through his veins. There is no particular feature or organ of his visage that will make an impression you would likely remember. But, who that has enjoyed his society can forget his ready and never failing wit ?—usually well pointed and delicately keen, and always sent forth under a well dissembled gravity, which gives the most perfect effect to his sally, enchaining the attention of his auditor, and concealing in his hiding place the merry imp who lies laughing at you from the corner of his eye ;—always ready to perform his part in whatever duty may be allotted to him ;—

communicative and obliging to a fault ;—his likes and dislikes equally strong ;—unwedded to particular occupation, he is free for any thing the wheel of fortune may bring around.

Well, as a further illustration of our view, another has just stepped up, and luckily in ample time. His face and head are equally difficult of description. He could pass for a person more advanced in life than he is, although the junior of the other two. Not unfrequently he is mistaken by some who know him for another person, showing a destitution of individuality of structure. His hair is his most prominent physical feature, indicating, except on gala occasions, but limited attention to the toilet. The attempt to portray with any accuracy a lineament of his face would be fruitless ; yet the face itself is remarkable enough, being nearly a triangle in its outline. There is, however, no difficulty in bringing before the imagination the strong features of his mental character. Rather repulsive in his approach, and in no degree prepossessing in his primary address ; his conversation oracular ; and when interest becomes excited, its manner partakes of anomaly, being restrained but easy ; easy in a plain yet ready way of expressing his thoughts—restrained in not giving utterance to a word unnecessary to his purpose. Original in his mode of thought, and discerning in his observa-

tion, he prides himself on the independent exercise of his faculties, not unfrequently to the manifest disadvantage of the position he may be endeavoring to sustain. Honestly believing himself right in every view he takes, the first instance of change of opinion, with him, has yet to occur. Strict in exacting the courtesy he deems due to himself, none can be more remiss in awarding the same consideration to others. The peculiarity, however, most amusing to his intimates, is the prompt manner in which he rebukes a weakness in others similar to any of his own : for with the utmost complacency he will remind one of his failure in punctuality ; or, with the most impetrable gravity, reprove him for stubbornness ; or, in the tone and manner of old Diogenes himself, chide him for indulging in everybody's privilege, the privilege of grumbling.

These instances will serve to show how much more strongly the mental peculiarities impress us than the mere physical. And sometimes, too, they mislead us. Not, however, without consent ; as it is always in our power to compare the various parts of mental development, and deduce a correct judgment. We are not so apt to be mistaken in individual cases, as where a preconceived opinion has endowed certain classes, or communities, with (or without) peculiar faculties or propensities. Under such circumstances we are too little in-



clined to discriminate for ourselves ;—a Dutchman is then a rude, coarse, ill-bred churl ; and in a Frenchman all the elements of gentility conglomerate. But who is it that has not known persons among the former endowed with all the true kindness of our nature ?—possibly not so prompt with an unmeaning compliment, as they would prove to be ready in condoling with the child of misfortune, or in rendering succor where needed.

The language of the French is conceded, without controversy, to be eminently calculated to convey in courtly elegance the sentiments of civility and true politeness ; and to the French as a people has been usually awarded the pre-eminent distinction of “the polite nation :” the easy, graceful flow of speech—the vigorous, yet chaste style of gesture—the well-studied attitude—all indicative of what is usually denominated “the gentleman.” These qualities are almost universally possessed by them ; but who that is unacquainted with their language has not at some time had his feelings embarrassed by their indifference to the first principles of comity ? Indeed, but few of those whose language is foreign are not, equally with the French, regardless in the same particular ; conversing together freely and without apology, while in the company of others, in, to them, an unknown tongue. Exceptions are rare ; the single case within our knowledge

presented itself in a quarter so unexpected, and was surrounded by circumstances so unusual, that no excuse is deemed necessary for its introduction here.

Some eighteen years ago, (equally then a stranger to the city as New-York was to me,) having suffered a slight loss in personal effects, I sallied out in search of a smith to repair damages. After threading the crowded walks of Broadway, until convinced that persons of such occupation were more likely to be found in a secluded street, I diverged to the east, and, as I now think, through Pearl-street toward the Collect. Not far from this famous locality, observing the business air of an "old iron" dealer's shop, I entered it, in the expectation of having the little job done, or at least to obtain information as to where such small matters were attended to.

A man, who looked rusty enough to be "old iron" itself, and a woman none of the neatest, were in the shop when I walked in; the woman answered the call. "The job was in her husband's line, but he was not in just then; she knew of no one else who did such work; and it was necessary to await his return." Not feeling inclined to remain any length of time in such a place, much against the entreaties of the woman, I went out, promising to return, should I not find a workman

elsewhere ; which she warned me I would not be able to do within the distance of a mile.

I had proceeded but a few steps from the door, when I encountered the rusty looking man, who had left the house during the conversation with the woman ; but not until fully aware of the object of the call, and the probable result. In the familiar, good-humored style peculiar to his nation, and apparently self-satisfied as to the sort of reply he should receive, he broke the ice with—

*"Ded yees get yer kay fettet?"*

"No ; the gentleman was not at home."

*"Well, if he was home, he could not fet a kay ;—it's meself that can do it fer ye ;"* and then, anticipating all question as to his capacity, he proceeded,—*"I sarved a rig'lar time to that business—I live hard by—will ye step around, sir?"*

"Do you keep a shop?"

*"Ye may say it—it's me that has a full set of tools, and can do the job for ye nately."*

Satisfied that the woman intended to deceive me, and it being a point of little moment who the workman should be, the invitation was accepted. Taking the lock in his hand, which he examined by the way, he led me along Collect street, until, reaching a two-story frame dwelling, rather larger than those in the vicinity, the doors and windows of which were all open, we entered by the hall,

passing through to the yard, and ascended an outside stair to the second story ; thence to the attic was by a winding stairway, close up in one corner of the building. On reaching the foot of the narrow winding stair, confidence in my conductor began to forsake me. Every room passed, and those then in sight, were filled to overflowing with that class of population which every body takes delight in portraying as of the most revolting character. The men, it was true, appeared in the habiliments of labor, and to be spending, merely, their brief noon-spell, and partaking of their scanty meal, surrounded by their wives and numerous progeny ; which latter seemed to have been called in from the nearest mud puddle for the occasion. But this large body of a peculiar people were between me and any available assistance, should it turn out that I was ensnared. The woman at the "old iron" shop evinced a commendable solicitude for my safety in her urgency for me to remain, and in not recommending me to the rusty customer into whose hands I had fallen, which I had before very inconsiderately attributed to her selfishness. The people in the house were, all of them, purely Milesian, whose brutality had been so often impressed on me by those who professed to know them, that, although never credulous to such stories, my feelings convinced me that I had believed much more

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than I supposed. In a moment I remembered all I had ever heard of strangers being first inveigled and then murdered; not forgetting the burning or eating of their dead bodies to conceal the deed.

Fear first prompted me to retreat, and leave the paltry lock in the hands of my faithless guide, and then immediately presented to me the greater danger of attempting to make an escape unattended, even should no ill have been before designed against me. Under these various influences of the same impelling principle, (I believe usually, when it operates in this manner, it is known as valor,) I followed on, but at a more respectful distance; strictly scrutinizing the corners, lest a shillelah should pounce down unobserved on my devoted head. In the midst of an anguish I had never before experienced, we reached the attic floor. It presented to view an ordinary garret, with the roof pitching fore and aft, and divided into two principal rooms. Into the rear one, which was the smaller, my guide entered, and in the kindest manner bade me walk in. I followed very tardily, but on approaching the door, I observed a woman to rise from the dinner table and step toward me. She was quite an ordinary looking woman; such as we see every day, with thick red arms and sunburnt face, and too frequently treat with unmerited

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scorn; but the manner of her first speech satisfied me that my life was safe.

*" Well ye walk en and take a sate, sir? We live so high up its fataguing to get tel us. Well ye set up, sir, and take a bite? It's not very nice, but ye're welcome fer all that."*

Not entirely freed from my trepidation, I stepped into the room and took the proffered seat; but infirm health, aggravated by the mental exercises I had just gone through, furnished me with ready means for declining the hospitalities of the board, as well as the cup; not without the latter having been pressed with great urgency. Having failed to induce me to take a place at table, the woman then withdrew her own chair, and seated herself near me. At first I was at a loss to understand her object, but it soon made itself plain.

A little dirty-faced urchin, who had been looking at me attentively from head to foot, gave an impulse to her own kind wishes by inquiring,

*" Mommy, what mon is that?"*

*" One of yer father's frinds, dear,"* was the reply.

She immediately commenced addressing a conversation to me, with the apparent intention of making my stay as little unpleasant as possible.

I readily seized the opportunity now presented to survey the apartment. My workman, immediately on entering, drew a box from under a bed,

from which he took out a small bench vice, and made it fast to the sill of the dormer window : from a nail in the wall he took down a wire, on which was strung a number of old keys ; selecting one of them, and providing himself with a file and hammer from the box, he went busily to work. The furniture was scanty enough, but the room was crowded notwithstanding. Besides three beds, there was a chest or two, (which were now being used as seats at the table,) and a very limited supply of chairs and benches.

At the table was seated, when I entered, two other women and three men. The bill of fare was exceedingly simple, confined solely to boiled potatoes ; which were kept in a bake pan standing on the floor, from which they were taken by one of the women, and rolled over the table to whoever might require to be helped. A scarcity of crockery prevailed, there not being a plate for each ; but this seemed to produce very slight inconvenience ; the palm of the hand affording a more appropriately formed receptacle for a potatoe : it was necessary to pass the two knives around, to allow each person an opportunity to use them in applying salt, the only purpose I saw them put to. Tumblers were deficient in number ; but *red-eye* was plentiful.

It may not be improper here to let the reader

know that our company was not a dinner party, as he might suppose ; but a joint-stock concern, as I learned during my stay. Three families had united in hiring one tenement, (i. e. room,) preserving their lodgings as separate as the case would admit ; but the board was supplied on the community principle. The number of children who seemed to be "at home" in the room, on an accurate count, was eight ; who, together with the three men and their wives, made a total of fourteen souls crowded together in the small space within which I was sitting. To prevent an estimated census of the population of the house being mentally figured up, was next to impossible. These people, however, were not so crowded but that they could give a night's lodging to a transient friend ; such an one made the third man at the table, in a person of about twenty-five years of age ; whose clumsy brogans, gray short breeches, and wide coat, with his hair cropped so very short all over his head as to bear a strong resemblance to an unshaven beard of some five or seven days' growth, fully identified him as an accession by the latest arrival.

After a few remarks on the weather and the distance I was from my residence, *my friend's* lady inquiringly remarked,

"*Yees are not a Yorker ?*"

On being answered to her satisfaction, she said,



*"I thought not ; ye don't spake like one ; but so much the bether : and what part could yees 've come from ?"*

There was a peculiar archness in the manner in which she said this ;—something between wonder and interrogatory as to where the "part" could be. When I informed her I was from Maryland, the gratification of herself and the others seemed unbounded, and infused greatly increased confidence in my safety.

*"Maryland !" she exclaimed ; "sure, Maryland was settled by the Irish, under Lord Baltimore ! And were ye born there ?"*

My affirmative reply seemed greatly to increase the gratification already existing, and prompted the next inquiry :—

*"And are yees a descindent of the Irish ?"*

I felt myself lucky in being able to answer that I was, by my father's side.

*"And what might yer name be ?"*

I stated it.

Catching up the name with a perfect enthusiasm, she repeated it two or three times, and then, apparently addressing herself to the other members of the firm, she said,

*"I don't mind me now of ever knowing a —— that wasn't a Catholic."*

This remark had the effect of reviving many ap-

prehensions that had been allayed ; and soon finding that, although addressed to others, the response was expected from me, I stated that I had known but few myself.

This evasion was decisive. From that moment to the time of my departure, not a word or action could be observed, which was calculated to awaken a suspicion that they were anything else than what they seemed,—Irish laborers of the very lowest class—poor, but honest.

It was at the period of the interview where such decided gratification was generally evinced that these poor creatures (uneducated, untrained as they were,) presented evidence of their superiority over the extravagantly lauded of the most civilized of nations. In the fulness of the heart, every one present said something. The short napped lodger, observing their feelings, for the first time permitted the sound of his voice to be heard ; but it was entirely unintelligible to me—being somewhere between a roar and a growl, and so decidedly monotonous that I could not fairly discover symptoms of articulation. Before any response was made to him, the woman, who had taken the principal part in the conversation, looked me full in the face, and pleasantly inquired,

“ *De yees understand Irish, sir ?* ”

“ I do not.”

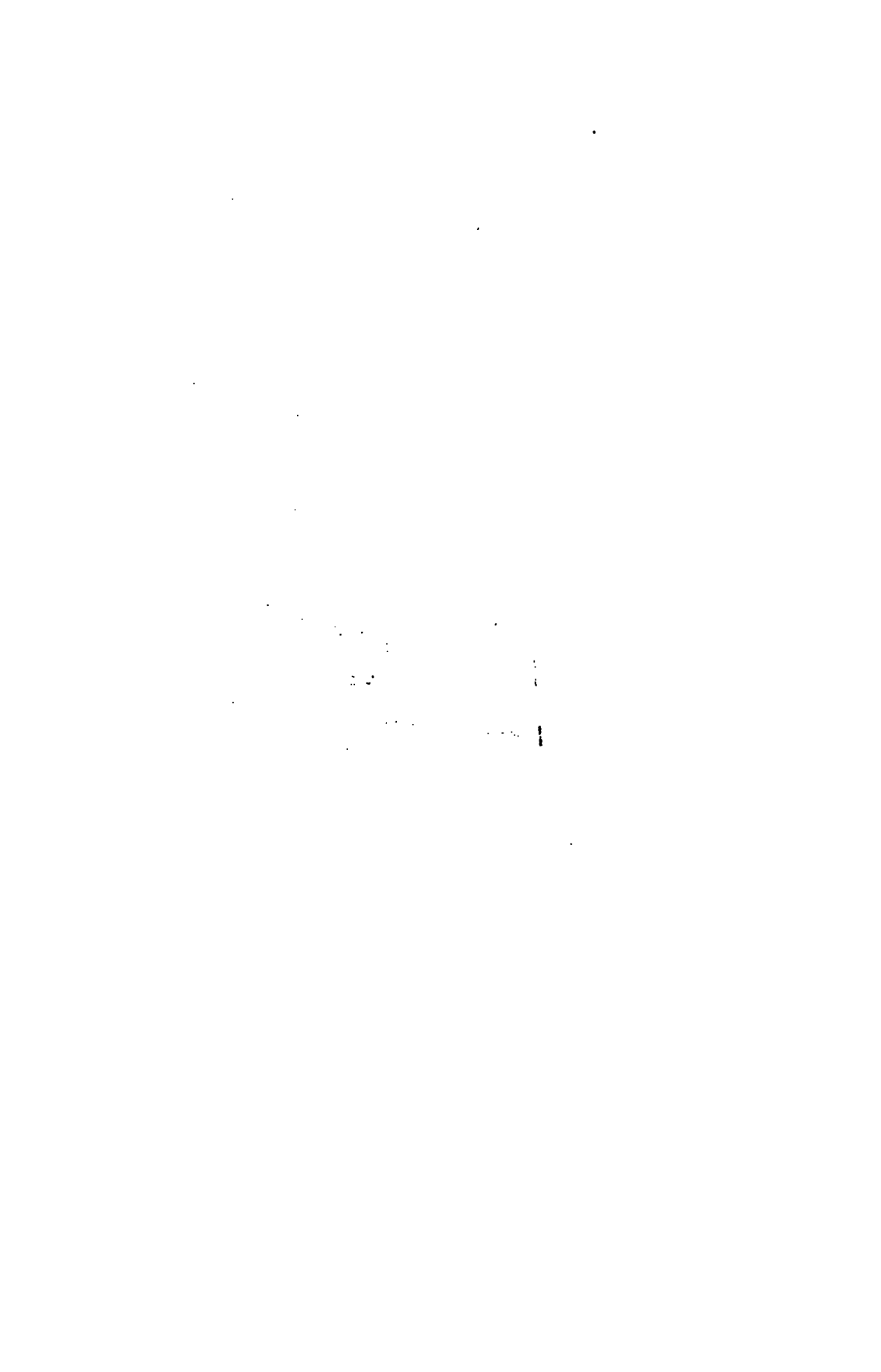
*"Och! what a pity! It's a beautiful language; ye should larn it. Our preaste alwoys said it was more illegant than the French. Ye must excuse our friend here; he comes from the mountains; but few spake the English tongue there; and he doesn't know a word of it. He asks if yees are an Irishman; I shall till him ye're the descindent, and that's as good."*

She then addressed herself to the mountaineer in the same monotony he had just edified me with. And, to my unaccustomed ear, it was scarcely entitled to the encomium bestowed upon it by its devoted admirer; yet its sounds sank deep within me, from the accompaniment of the strong evidence of thoughtfulness and true delicacy, such as I had never witnessed in the deportment of any other person speaking an unusual language.

During the remainder of my stay the mountaineer would occasionally make a remark or an inquiry; but however trivial or unimportant, with the response intended to be made, it was every time rendered into English with apparent faithfulness.

The little job having been completed, and the required price paid with great willingness, I departed, satisfied, more than ever, that the character of even the "low Irish" had been foully maligned by too superficial observation.

New-York, July, 1845.





## SERGEANT CHAMPE.

THE bold attempt of SERGEANT CHAMPE to seize the person of Arnold, and convey it to the American camp, is an incident of the American Revolution well worthy the skill of Painter and Poet. This affair, however, is scarcely known to many of our countrymen. The following sketch of it will, it is hoped, rescue, to some extent, the name of CHAMPE from unmerited oblivion:—

The news of Arnold's treachery and desertion filled the mind of Washington with intense anxiety. He sent for Major Lee, and imparted to him the details of a plan he had conceived of securing the traitor, in order to make a public example of him, and by these means to save the unfortunate Andre. Lee replied that the Sergeant-Major of the cavalry—John Champe—was in all respects competent for the enterprise; and, after some further conversation, the Major retired, and, summoning Champe to his quarters, communicated to him the desire of the commander-in-chief. Champe at first rejected the proposal as dishonorable; but Major Lee with difficulty succeeded in satisfying him that what was done for the good of their cause, and by express desire of Washington, would be perfectly correct and honorable: so he finally consented to undertake the task, and received the necessary instructions,—which were, that he should desert from the army—join the British in New-York—seize Arnold, (but, on no account kill him,) and bring that traitor to the American camp. The affair was a most difficult and perilous one; but Champe was not a man to be deterred by difficulties or alarmed by dangers. Major Lee could render no aid, further than to protract, as long as possible, the pursuit that would certainly succeed the discovery of the deserter's absence. And that discovery too soon came. In less than an hour after Champe's departure, the officer of the day had announced the fact to Lee, and, notwithstanding the Major's efforts to discourage the idea of the man's desertion, obtained an order—reluctantly given—to pursue and arrest the fugitive. We need not narrate that pursuit; our friend who furnished the poem which follows has fully and faithfully described it in his spirited verses.

Champe reached New-York in safety, and completely deceived the English concerning his real motives. He was examined before Sir Henry Clinton, and gave the most satisfactory replies to all questions: he was soon sent to Arnold himself, and, finally, accepted a command in that traitor's "American Legion." His position now gave him a facility for effecting his design. Watching Arnold's movements, and discovering that he usually walked in his garden after midnight, Champe resolved to seize him at that hour, and, with the assistance of two others, (who could be trusted, and to whom he confided his plan,) convey him to a boat on the river,—pretending, in case he should be questioned, that Arnold

was a drunken soldier, whom they were carrying to the guard-house. \* \* \* \* But alas! this scheme was prevented by a mere accident. On the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the bold plot, the traitor changed his quarters; and, at the same time, the "American Legion"—in which Champe was enlisted—were transferred to one of the transports!

Thus failed this well-conceived and admirably-conducted enterprise. Champe was carried, under Arnold, to Virginia; his designs were never suspected. At length he deserted from the British, and re-appeared in the American camp. His presence excited much surprise; but Lieutenant-Colonel (late Major) Lee received him with much cordiality, and his story, which was soon known amongst his old comrades, greatly enhanced the respect and love which both officers and soldiers had ever felt for him.

F. D.

### DESERTION OF SERGEANT CHAMPE.

BY JOHN W. M'CUNE.

"To HORSE—to horse—my merry men!"  
 Bold Captain Carnes he cries;  
 "Deserter CHAMPE rides through the glen,—  
 This night that traitor dies!"

The horsemen quick their saddles fill,  
 Into the ranks they fall,  
 And, like a torrent from a hill,  
 Spring forward one and all;

And, vowing vengeance on the knave  
 Who brought their flag disgrace,  
 They loudly of the Captain crave  
 No swerving from the chase.

The troopers all are brave and strong,  
 The pride of Major Lee,—  
 To old Virginia they belong,  
 These sons of chivalry.

And now they turn from Tappan Bay—  
A southern course they take ;  
And, by my troth ! in bright array,  
A goodly show they make.

They fleetly scale the mountain's brow,  
And swiftly they descend ;  
They cross the rattling bridge, and now  
Around the rock they bend ;

They thread the gloomy forest through,  
They gallop down the glade,  
And, whilst the Hudson meets their view,  
They skirt the Palisade.

A traveller by the wayside sat,  
Who journeyed from below ;  
He told them he the Sergeant met  
Not half an hour ago.

'Twas glorious news,—in one wild cry,  
Loud rang their glad huzza ;  
With hope renewed and spirits high,  
Again they dash away.

They give their horse the loosened rein,  
That naught may check his speed ;  
With nostrils wide and flowing mane,  
Fast flies each snorting steed.

The scaly ridge, the bluff so tall,  
The chasm yawning wide—  
With reckless spur they passed them all,  
So madly did they ride.



## THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING.

And thus they sped, pursuing still,  
Nor let their courage damp,  
Till, crossing o'er Weehawken Hill,  
They caught a sight of CHAMPE.

For he had slacked his headlong speed,  
To wipe the reeking foam  
From off the haunches of his steed,  
Nor knew that they were come.

But when he heard the distant cheer,  
He turned his gaze behind ;  
Their swords were flashing in the air,  
Their shouts were on the wind.

Now speed thee, CHAMPE ! no more delay !  
Fly faster than the breeze ;  
The men who track thee on thy way—  
The worst of foes are these.

When friends are changed, and draw the sword,  
Remorse they ne'er can feel ;  
When that they loved is now abhorred,  
Their hearts are hearts of steel.

Then speed thee, CHAMPE ! they scent thy blood—  
They're swooping for their prey,—  
Thine only safety is the flood,  
Uprolling from the bay.

Abreast of Bergen galleys float,  
With English ensigns high ;  
If they to thee refuse a boat,  
Prepare, brave youth, to die !

And now for Bergen Flats they fly,  
Pursuers and pursued ;  
The race is swift—the goal is nigh—  
The prize is human blood !

The galleys are his only hope,—  
So near, and yet how far !  
But see ! aloft a telescope  
Is pointed by a tar.

Soon from the tall ship's towering mast  
The tumult met his view,  
And quick the stirring news he pass'd  
Below unto the crew.

A boat shoots out upon the wave—  
Strong arms the oars employ ;  
The sailors strive young CHAMPE to save—  
The troopers to destroy.

The fierce dragoons their chargers strain,  
Whilst CHAMPE they strive to reach,  
And now emerging from the glen,  
They scour along the beach.

And CHAMPE is struggling through the tide,  
He waves his cap in air ;  
His horse stands trembling by his side,  
With wild and wildering stare.

Bend to your oars, ye gallant band !  
Ye yet his life may save !—  
His foes are frantic on the land,  
His friends upon the wave.

Regardless of the risk he runs,  
Carnes sweeps along the shore,  
Tho' through his ranks the galleys' guns  
Their whizzing grape-shot pour.

Bend to your oars!—another stroke,  
And he is safe with you!  
Bravo! 't was well! suspense he broke,—  
He springs among the crew.

On come the horsemen to the charge;  
They dash through billows high;  
Whilst round the now receding barge  
Their pistol-bullets fly.

Again and yet again they fire,  
As through the surf they ride;  
Impotent is their baffled ire,—  
CHAMPE mocks them from the tide.

And, maddened by his parting jeer,  
They shout—they howl—they rave—  
They slash their sabres through the air—  
They gallop through the wave.

And still his answering cry they hear,  
And still he glides away;  
And now the boat and men appear  
A speck upon the bay.

The troopers turn them from the shore,  
With slow and martial tramp;—  
The traitor's gone—the chase is o'er,—  
They sullen seek the camp.

## SCIENCE OF THEOLOGY.

BY BROTHER THOMAS AUSTIN.

THE Science of Theology is the foundation of all the sciences. It embraces matter in its infinite variety of form and color, from the smallest floating atom to the largest world that revolves in its wide-sweeping orbit. It is the science of the physical, moral, and spiritual laws of the universe. It is the form of the spiritual principle within the human bosom; and hence embraces the doctrine of men, angels, and God.

It is the business of this science to explore the ocean of infinite love, search the fields of infinite skill, and study the pages of infinite wisdom, as manifested in either of the worlds of matter or mind. And wherever these attributes are found, there exists a pervading Theology. Not a drop of water, a grain of sand, a leaf of the forest, a flower of the earth in the material world; not a word, or a thought, or an action of an intelligent being in

the moral world, but belongs to, and forms a part of this transcendental science.

It were a wrong view of Theology that it belonged, or had reference solely, to moral and spiritual law. Upon no point have men been more mistaken than this. And many to-day apply it in no other sense. The treatment upon those laws which have reference to the moral and spiritual nature of man, and of his relations to the moral and spiritual world, all agree, is purely and highly theological. But there is also a high Theology in every thing that bears the impress of infinite love and infinite wisdom.

Who, that has his spiritual perception in the least degree developed, can reflect upon the perfect machinery of nature, with all its balances and adjustments, antagonisms and attractions, without *seeing* a Theology high and infinite, as in the volume of inspired revelation? Harmony and beauty reign over all around, and grandeur and majesty sit enthroned upon all above. And man, in comparison with the mighty circles, and stupendous balls, and immeasurable distances of the astronomy of the universe, must feel his own littleness; and when he contemplates the omnipotence of that Being, under whose cognizance he is, and who superintends the vast concerns of such a boundless empire, and at the same time cares for the minutest

object, he must exclaim with the Psalmist,—  
“Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?”

And perhaps there is no higher Theology than in the wide-spread field of adaptation and relation which reign through the whole realms of nature,—an adaptation of the parts to the ends for which they were created—a perfect harmony—whether in atoms, worlds, or systems of worlds. All are nicely balanced, and exist as a chain of depending relations from the minute to the vast. No one thing exists independently of another. Indeed, there is no such a state as independence any where, nor can there be. All matter, let it exist in what form it may, constitutes a vast chain, not a single link of which can be broken without marring the harmony of the whole. The animal kingdom is depending upon the vegetable kingdom for support; and the vegetable kingdom is depending upon the atmosphere: and when we trace the relation and adaptation onward through all their processes, and in all the transformations going on in all the various departments of nature, a Theology may be read there which should excite the admiration, and call forth the moral powers of man into active exercise. An untiring, unceasing, and an all-powerful energy is in operation, moving all in the utmost order. Every subordinate process in the atmosphere, in

the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—even down to the granite—is eternally changing; and yet the harmony of the whole is complete. Adaptation and relation obtain through the whole; and every part answers the end for which it was designed.

The life of man, too, forms a link of this great chain; his existence is chained to other existence, and the chain that connects the whole is infinite in extent, time, and space. We see the human body depending upon the earth for its support, and chained to its surface by the law of gravitation. And the point of connexion that connects the human body with the moral world is the nervous system. This is the great galvanic battery of the animal organization. From this all the other systems derive their energy—the brain being the centre and the seat of all the intellectual operations. The vigor of the mental faculties is in proportion to the strength of the nervous system; and its manifestations are in an equal degree to its susceptibility or unsusceptibility to the physical and moral forces which act on it.

This system ramifies through the whole body, and possesses both nervous and sensorial power. The functions of the former are employed in the growth and sustenance of the body. The functions of the latter constitute the reasoning facul-

ties ; and related to it are the organs of the intellect, which distinguish man from the brute creation. These two powers are precisely determined, and act upon each other, and maintain the proper balance between them.

The NERVOUS POWER is adapted to the *internal* wants of the human body, through the medium of the SENSORIAL POWER, proceeding from the EXTERNAL WORLD. This is the source of physical action. . . . The SENSORIAL POWER is adapted to the *external* wants of the human body, through the medium of the NERVOUS POWER, proceeding from the INTERNAL WORLD, or MIND. This is the source of moral action. This constitutes the union of mind and matter.

Thus both powers of the nervous system are absolutely necessary, one to support and sustain the body as an animal machine, and bring it under subjection to the law of gravitation ; the other to regulate and preserve it, and connect man with the external world—the earth, the atmosphere, &c. ; and both have their peculiar phenomena, and are developed according to the various circumstances of birth, education, and condition.

The human body, with all its balances, adjustments, relations and adaptations, is a wonderfully complicated machine. It is composed of a great many systems interlaced in each other, and the



whole connected, as we have seen, with the external world, representing nearly every thing in nature—a concentration of the skill and harmony of the whole—a universe within itself.

The contemplation of this subject was not above the psalmist David. Seeing the infinite adaptations and relations which existed between man and the various phenomena that surrounded him, and his intimate connexion with the great realities of the spiritual world, he was led to exclaim,—“ I am fearfully and wonderfully made !” And this subject is peculiarly meet for our study and contemplation at the present day. In no other work of the Great Creator may be seen a higher Theology ; for we are informed by the inspired historian that “ God created man in his own image.”

Oh, there is a Theology in the contemplation of the works of the Great Infinite ! Whether we place our regards upon that vast theatre where millions of suns—each the centre of a mighty assemblage of worlds—are obedient to the mandate of the Great King of kings ; or upon the minuteness and riches of nature in the opposite direction—whose far-removed recesses are exposed to our view by means of the microscope ; or upon the various existence which fill the space between these vast extremes, we are equally overwhelmed

with astonishment; and the mind is forced back into its own little chamber, to feel its utter incompetence to grasp such infinite minuteness, and such magnificence and *grandeur*.

Under such contemplations the thought cannot fail of striking the mind that God is King; for all nature—the falling vapor—the fruitful shower—the soft influence of the calm sky—the roar of the tempest—the mountain and the valley—yea, the universe around—echo the great truth, God is King.

If we now turn our attention from the works of nature to the arts and sciences, we discover a Theology intimately connected with the physical, social, and moral well-being of the great human family. Every mechanism, and every description of art, are the bodying forth of the spiritual principle within man. He is but the organ through which the spirit manifests itself. The *heaving* canvass, the *breathing* marble, the beautiful architecture of the temple of religious worship, and the movements of that machine which rides the wave “like a thing of life,” all bear the impress of the divinity of the human mind.


The law of association also is a powerful principle of the human soul. All men, at all ages, have felt its influence. Divest governments, institutions, social relations, and worships, of their asso-

ciations, and they are left naked and hollow, without form, interest, or attraction.

External associations affect all more or less ; and when they are directed in the proper channels, they exert a powerful influence for good. They appeal to the Theology which obtains more or less within the breast of every human being, and tend to develop whatever of love or devotion may be within.

Properly considered, there is as much Theology in the swelling harmony of the organ, in a house of religious worship, as in the preaching from the pulpit. For when we reflect upon the adaptation that exists between the delicate organs of the ear and the constitution of the atmosphere to convey the music to the senses, and of the strange influence that the sweet strains exert over the soul, we are led up to the great and heavenly Fountain of harmony, and the spirit is put in unison with the harmony of the universe.

Thus in every harmonious sound we may feel the presence of a God of Love. In every form of sculpturing, and in every degree of architecture, we may see the bodying forth of the great spiritual principle that pervades the universe ; and in the adaptation of the senses to external objects and influences, and external objects and influences to the senses, we may perceive the skill and the wisdom



of Him who made man a "little lower than the angels:" and in the preachings from the desk may be seen the kind regards of that beneficent Being who has given us the moral law to guide and direct us aright through life, and established a true church upon the earth, for the development of the higher and better nature of man. Now in whatever breast such views and feelings as these exist, there may be found a true worship—a true Theology.

And here in this connection it may not be amiss to observe, that we oftentimes hear of members of churches refusing the building wherein they worship to be used for any other purpose than that for which it is usually appropriated; and the charge of bigotry and illiberality oftentimes accompanying these informations. Now upon this point there may be unjust accusations on the one side, and untenable or invalid objections on the other. Nevertheless, there are rules which may govern the trusteeship of temples of religious worship. The points to be ascertained are,—Is the use for which the building is required a moral one? Will it conduce in any way to the good of the race, temporally or spiritually? If so, the use is theological, and it were befitting that a compliance be rendered to the requisitions of the applicants, provided it was not a stipulated condition, when the building was

about to be erected, that it should be set apart for the sole use of a particular sect, or peculiar preaching. If such had been the case, no matter how illiberal or inconsistent the acts of the original benefactors, it will not be right to appropriate it to any purpose than that for which they intended in the first instance, without their consent. But when there have been no original conditions of donors, nor will be any violation of contracts, then it will be right to use any place of worship for any purpose having for its object the well-being of the race. Doubtless every house of worship was set apart in the first place to the worship of God; and we aver that God is worshipped where the interests of the human world are discussed and furthered. And any arguments or discussions which pertain to the good of man are intimately connected with the good of the spiritual world, and must be acceptable in the sight of Heaven.

In no better service can an individual be engaged than that which is intended to benefit the human race. Such service is religious service, in which God is worshipped. True theology knows of no particular seasons, or days to be good, and the remainder without their obligations. The whole life should be a series of worshippings, and every act a theological one.

Theology knows of no sectarianism, peculiar

forms of worship, prejudice, bigotry, superstition, domination, persecution, or force. But "peace on earth and good will to man" is its only essential principle. As proof of this, we are informed that, when the old formality and dead ceremonial of the Jewish Church were about to be superseded by a Theology of the heart, that should open up the way to a higher state of human being, it were a matter meet for the rejoicing of angels. They sung a heavenly anthem in view of the new Theology that was about to be introduced into the world. Looking through the grand cycles of revolving ages, they saw the dark and murky clouds of illiberality, and bigotry, and superstition, dispersing before the glorious truths of a new dispensation, that should afford a worship in every thing which bore the signature and seal of a God of Love. And well might they rejoice! Well might they sing of peace and good-will! when in the future they saw God worshipped under true inspirations, a race of beings "fitting for the skies," who, when they should depart from the vales of mortality, should help swell the loud hallelujahs, which, in loud acclaim, resound along the high arches of heaven.

We have hinted that a true Theology existed wherever the seal and the signature of a God of Love could be seen. Hence we think that in no

department of nature is there a divinity more highly manifest than in the flowers of the field. They are symbolical of the brighter glories of the spiritual world,—the basis of divine love—the evidence of infinite skill—types of divine glory—the abodes of infinite beauty. No flower of the field, be it to appearance ever so insignificant, but is plethoric of beauty and the highest significance. New forms of Theology are seen in every opening bud, in every delicate petal, and in every beautiful flower. Love, then, has a local habitation. Perfection exists there, and a pervading Theology reigns over all.

Analogies also, real and true, may be drawn from this department of the material universe. Instance the budding, blossoming, and flowering, yea the seeding and the harvesting of every truth. We now as a race morally exist upon the great gatherings of the harvests of truth which have been laid up by the past generations for our use. The history of every truth is that of gradual growth and development, through all its varying stages of bud, blossom, flower, and fruit. And so it will ever be. Truths shall increase in beauty and glory, and, like the beautiful flowers, the love of the Great Infinite shall be seen therein; And each, like a sheaf of wheat full ready for the garner, shall be gathered in, and form a glorious harvest home,

with the truth of the great atonement as the cap sheaf to crown the whole. Then will come that period when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrowing nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" for the "former things" *shall have* "passed away."

Another analogy may here be drawn. We see in the *flower kingdom* an infinite variety in unity, and an infinite unity in variety. There are no two flowers alike. And not only may this principle be seen among flowers, but it runs through the universe. Bodies differ in color, form, and size; yet, like flowers, they form a harmonious whole. Thus it is with human countenance. It is perfectly analogous to this principle of unity in variety and variety in unity. No two countenances can be found exactly alike. And in this arrangement may be seen the highest benevolence; for were all countenances alike, there could be no individual affections, friendships, or loves. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, could not be distinguished from the mass. A gloom would hang over the human world. Every social relation would be dissolved; no fellowship, no communion of man with man. The bad might be mistaken for the good, and the good for the bad. Laws would be useless. Crime could be perpetrated with impunity. The guilty might escape, and the innocent suffer. But as it



now is, every individual is as distinctly marked as though he were of another race ; and by this slight arrangement the very departure from sameness of countenance constitutes a unity, the departure from the unity constitutes harmony. So that every love is cemented, every social tie strengthened, and the harmony of the whole made complete.

Neither are there two minds exactly alike, nor would it be right there should. The law of variety in unity, and unity in variety, is as infinite and eternal in mind as in human countenance. By this arrangement the harmony of the moral world—were there no violation of moral law—would be complete. The fact of the moral world being in disorder militates nothing against this principle. The various circumstances of birth, education, condition, institutions, climate, country, and age, vary in individuals, and will change the habit, bias the mind, impart various energy to character, give tone to sentiment, development to intellect, degree to judgment, and motive to character.

All these various circumstances differ in every individual of the world in one shape or another. No two circumstances can be exactly alike. Hence it is absolutely impossible that any two self-thinking individuals can think alike upon every subject. Nor is it at all necessary to the well-being of the moral world that they should ; indeed, it

is necessary to its peace and order that they should not. One man should love another for knowing what he does not, and not dislike him for not knowing what he does, or for thinking differently from him. Each one has a part to perform on the great theatre of human life ; and the effort of each should be to assist the other in performing that part which may befall him.

Were it not for this infinite variety in sentiment, and view, and circumstance, all would be performing the same part, the mind become stagnant, and all motive to excellence in the arts and sciences be taken away, the growth of the intellect destroyed, and the interests of the moral world annihilated. The life of man would be a life of stupor, and man himself as a mere machine, moved like an automaton.

Hence we see the necessity for this immutable law of the moral, as well as the physical world. We have here a study of the greatest depth and sublimest contemplation. It is a Theology infinite as in any of the works of the Great Creator.

And perhaps these facts of the infinite variety of mind show the necessity of human governments ; a centre around which all can rally and concentrate their strength, and bind all the various desires and opinions into one common bond of humanity. The fact of the existence of our own government

proves many of the principles we have attempted above to establish. For mind is as free no where else as it is here, nor are there half the differing opinions in politics, morals, and religion, in any other country of the world. Yet, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no government is as strong in the affections of the people, nor any that contain the elements of their own vitality so pre-eminently as ours.

Now we aver that human governments are necessary to the well-being of the human world socially, physically, and morally. By the Theology of government, liberty is secured, rights guaranteed, vice restrained, individual development increased, the arts and sciences fostered and improved, and humanity placed upon its rightful throne. Every man stands in judgment before the government of which he is a member, and the government stands in judgment before him.

In a well-regulated system of human government, like that of our own beloved country, all men feel the common bond of humanity ; an injury done to any member of the confederacy vibrates through the whole body. They feel their interests all one. The government recognizes the rights of all, and all recognize the rights of government. This is the point of true liberty. Under such a mutual relationship, man will possess all the liberty and all

the rights Heaven designed he should have in sending him here. Single action and sentiment cannot bring about the happiness and well-being of the race. The union and happiness of the race need the cause of government, and government needs the cause of true liberty; true liberty being the emanation of a deep sentiment of combined humanity. In short, to secure the rights and advance the interests of individuals, we need nations; and to secure the rights of nations, we need the rights, the intelligence, and the true liberty of individuals.

And here let us not think lightly of the forms of government of the largest portion of the world; for, let them be what they may, they are adapted to the degree of intelligence, the improvement, and the general state or condition of the people who are subject to them. We must remember that the management of nations is not of human arbitration. They have grown to their present strength and importance by the force of circumstances. Government and people have grown together, and their state, now, as a general rule, of necessity bears the impress of the nature of the elements from which they sprang in the first place.

Governments will become more or less enlightened and free in proportion to their obedience to the eternal and immutable laws of truth. And as fast as the people learn *this* truth so will governments

gradually become moulded and adapted to the increase of the light and liberty of the subjects. The progress of human government is slow but sure. Nature is subtle. Her laws cannot be amended or compromised. Intellect cannot be transmitted by ranks. It cannot be bought or sold. It must be accomplished by the stamp and seal of the divine inspiration of individual genius.

Order, also, must not be abridged; it must be maintained. Renovation, and not destruction, must be the policy of nations, as well as of individuals. It is better to repair than destroy, and respect an institution for the good it has, rather than condemn it for what it has not.

Let us now turn our attention to the Theology of the moral law. In physical law Theology is seen, but in the moral law it is more immediately felt. It is adapted to the happiness and the highest well-being of the human race, and to the great interests of the spiritual universe.

Not a single human being on the earth, nor an angel in the heavenly world, but must be under this law. It is the perfect law of love. It is adapted to the capacity and the happiness of the humblest individual, and not above the obedience of the mightiest archangel. The well-being of every individual is depending upon the obedience which its requirements demand. It contains no

peradventure—no qualifications. “Thou shalt” runs through all its requirements. Every principle that it contains is precisely determined to the submission which it demands. The principles of man’s moral and spiritual nature are rendered either good or bad according to the application of, or obedience to, the principles contained in it. Obedience is peace and joy ; transgression is disorder and discomfort. There is no middle or neutral ground. It is submission or death—renovation or destruction. And in the elements of misery contained within the human bosom may be seen the highest regard of the all-pervading One. For if the elements of that misery, which every man carries within him who violates the moral and spiritual principles of his nature, were eradicated, then farewell to all individual experience and comfort ; farewell hope, anticipation, and heaven. No aspirations for the good of the human world, no desire for present happiness, no immortality. The greatest curse that the Almighty could inflict upon the human race would be the removal from the human bosom of those principles which cause disorder upon the violation of any law of human well-being.

The question is frequently asked, by the unbeliever,—“If God is a God of love and mercy, why does he permit or suffer such wrong as is seen

perpetrated all around us, and such cruelty, and violence, and injustice, as are borne to our ears upon every passing breeze?" Now it is upon this question we plant the standard of the highest mercy, the highest love, and the highest Theology of God. There is no higher Theology seen anywhere than in those very wrongs, and cruelties, and acts of violence and injustice, of which the evil principles and fierce passions of men urge them on to the commission.

And here let it be understood that, although we may conceive of all things being *possible* with Jehovah, yet we must understand this to mean all *possible* things. There are *things*, even with Jehovah, which are impossible. And we say, with all reverence, that there is no power in heaven or earth to make a possibility of an impossibility; or to make a thing to be and not to be at the same time; or make that truth which is of itself a lie.

Now every violation of the moral law is a spiritual lie, and no power can make it a moral or a spiritual truth. Hence, if the highest well-being of the moral and spiritual worlds requires that every law be fulfilled, then the violation of every law must involve its opposite. Jehovah being infinite in mercy, and love, and wisdom, every law laid down, and every thing made by Him, must have been the bodying forth of these infinite per-

fections. The principles of the human mind must also have been arranged with the same infinite skill and perfection—the same infinite love and mercy. Therefore man could not have been made otherwise than he was made; for imperfection could not have proceeded from infinite perfection: hence the principles by which he exists must of necessity be those best adapted to his own nature, to the development of his best affections, and to the highest well-being of the moral and spiritual world.

As all things were the bodying forth of infinite wisdom, and infinite love, and infinite mercy, man could not have been made without the liability to suffer, if he violated the constituent principles of his nature. In transgressing any law, man is measuring his power with that of his Creator; and his happiness being the price of absolute submission, by the bodying forth of infinite wisdom, and love, and mercy, it follows that no power in heaven or earth, under the present arrangement of things, can prevent the consequences of violated law. If man could commit wrong with impunity, the idea of Jehovah's being infinite in wisdom, and love, and mercy, would be paradoxical. The principles of man's moral nature would not have been the bodying forth of infinite wisdom, and love, and mercy. There would be no law—no rule to de-



termine a good from a bad action—no virtue—no order—no love. But if Jehovah is infinite in love, and mercy, and wisdom, and the laws of the universe are the bodying forth of these attributes, then no law can be violated without involving commensurate consequences. And in these consequences—let them take upon themselves what form they may—whether in man as an individual, or in men as nations—may be seen the kind regard of the Father of loves and mercies; for all suffering, whether physical or mental, is neither more or less than the effort of the body or mind to restore the lost equilibrium of peace and order—a warning voice to avoid the wrong *path* in future. And every thrill of joy from the effects of obedience to law is a direction-post to the goal of happiness and to the peaceful vales of immortality. Hence, whenever we see or hear of civil convulsion, or moral disorder of any kind, we may be certain that the moral law has been violated; that wrong has been committed somewhere; and also that these very convulsions are working out the good of the human world.

The conclusion that now may be arrived at is this: That, according to the present arrangement of things, and the laws of adaptation and relation which obtain between the moral and spiritual nature of man and the moral and spiritual laws of

the universe, there is no power, as just observed, to prevent the effects of violated law, as seen in every form of injustice and wrong, and in the outbreaks of those tumultuous risings and sanguinary conflicts which oftentimes drench the earth in blood, and seemingly shake the moral world.

No man, or body of men, can commit wrong with impunity; if they could, then would Jehovah not only cease to be a God of love, but an encourager of vice and disorder. Words, and ideas, and actions, are never lost, but become distinct existences, that will strike somewhere, at some period, for good or evil; and their influence will last as long as successive eternities shall roll their enduring ages.

Let us think for a moment of the idea of a God of infinite wisdom preventing the consequences of a violated law—making a compromise with the powers of evil. What principles must be altered! what power put forth! what consequences ensue! There is not a principle in the universe, nor an attribute of the divine Mind, that vibrates with wrong. Grace cannot reach it, and love cannot reach it.

Wrong cannot be made right. And before a moral wrong could be committed without involving disorder or suffering, the constituent principles of man's being must be altered, the whole field of adaptation and relation reversed, attraction become

repulsion, and repulsion attraction, the moral law repealed, man's happiness destroyed, the harmony of the spiritual world annihilated, the machinery of the whole universe, from centre to circumference, disordered, and the very pillars of the eternal throne shaken to their foundation.

The radi of love which eternally emanates from the divine Mind throws off every principle that runs in opposition to it. Jehovah is not a "God of wrath"—an "avenging God"—as we too often hear the great Fountain of love termed; but, on the contrary, is a God of infinite love; and as long as men and nations are in harmony with the attributes of the Great Lawgiver, they will enjoy the highest happiness. If they are not in harmony with these attributes, the direst consequences must ensue. They are left to themselves, without protection or assistance, and thrown on to their own evil principles, which are sure to produce self-confidence and self-dependence, with all the troubles, and discords, and unhappiness, which follow in their train.

Examine the page of history, and see the fate of those who composed the proud and haughty nations which have appeared on the stream of time. They lifted up their heads for a brief space, and said, in their hearts, they "should never be moved." But let us ask ourselves the question,—“Where

are they now ?” Alas ! their song of revelry and blasphemy is ended ! Their day of conquest, of political power and renown, is past ! And the echo of the cold, hollow, and silent tomb, is all that is now heard of those countless millions !

Where are the Pharaohs and their hosts, that once inhabited the land of Egypt ? where are the proud nations that once inhabited the land of Palestine ? the dwellers of the cities of Philistia, who, self-confident in their own powers, bade defiance to Israel’s God ? Their proud heads are laid low, and the waves of the ocean, in many places, now cover the spot where once stood the monuments of their vainglory, and its surges murmur their funeral requiem.

Look at the haughty Nebuchadnezzar, when at the highest pinnacle of human greatness, exclaiming, in the pride of his heart,—“ Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty ?” But the laws of the universe proved stronger than Babylonian decrees ; and when he exulted in his self-confidence and power, then it was that the moment of danger had arrived, and down he was hurled, from his lofty eminence of worldly pride, to the lowest depths of human degradation.

A Belteshazzar, too, may triumph over the cap-

tive children of God, and say in his heart that he "should never be moved," and command the vessels of God's house to be brought, that he might drink therefrom, and pledge himself in copious libation to the harlot and concubine, and thus put indignity upon the character of God. But the voice of Omnipotence reaches his ear. He has attained the highest summit of his bold and daring ambition. The hand-writing of his condemnation is on the wall; and the words of solemn import, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting," stand out in horrible conspicuity, and portend his speedy destruction.

When David had arisen to that point when, as he thought, nothing could move him, he surveyed his kingdom over, and, well satisfied with the view, he sent Joab, the captain-general of his forces, to ascertain the physical strength of his kingdom; and when the roll of his forces was presented to him, he, in the utmost self-dependence, exclaimed, "I shall never be moved!" But the calamities which speedily followed proved to him the feebleness of the human arm when measured with the power of Jehovah.

Haman was hanged upon the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai.

When prosperity elevated the Jews to that height of worldly grandeur and power that they thought

they "should never be moved," then reverse and calamity followed. How often has that nation been smitten with the sword of the conqueror! how often has their sun set in blood! how often has the despoiler laid waste the land of Judea, and chained its princes, and priests, and counsellors, and drooping virgins together, and urged them on over hill and valley, at the point of the spear, into slavery! Oh the heart has been sad, and the eye red with weeping, as it has turned to take the last look at the dear Jerusalem, whose sacked and smoking streets proclaimed the retribution of their rebellion!

How often did they weep by the rivers of Babylon when they remembered Zion! and those who carried them away captive required of them mirth, saying, "Sing us the songs of Zion." But how could they sing the glad songs of national rejoicing in the lowest depths of human degradation? how could they sweep the strings of the harp of Judea while it hung upon the willows? Deep grief settled upon every heart; and their faces were continually turned towards Jerusalem; and this was the burden of their song,—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget *her cunning*; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

The above are a few of a countless number of prominent instances, from the disordered state of the moral world, that have been selected to prove the fact of every violated law involving its own penalty. But we need not search the records of ancient history for instances of the above nature; they abound on every hand. Modern history furnishes an inexhaustible fund of material, to prove that disorder and trouble will follow every departure from the straight and narrow path that leads on to happiness and peace. And perhaps there is no instance in the whole history of the moral world that proves all we have said more plainly than the career and the end of that proud Corsican, whose name is associated with carnage and blood, and whose fame was proclaimed from the iron jaws of the murderous cannon. Regardless alike of the requirements of the moral law, the dictates of humanity, or the principles of justice, he rolled a tempest of war over the world, spreading terror and death around him, "awakening the cry of lamentation, from the siege of Toulon to the great harvest of death at Waterloo."

The pride of his heart was to issue a decree from the Kremlin. Strange infatuation! blind and misguided man! To accomplish this darling object of his ambition, he concentrated all the power, wealth, and physical force—which he had

acquired during eighteen or twenty years of wholesale human butchery—into a solid phalanx, to be hurled against the great northern empire. He felt secure in his own strength when leading on to victory—as he thought—those stern warriors who had a hundred times withstood the shock and the carnage of the battle-field. Oh then was the moment of danger! then it was that Fortune blinded him, and reversed her wheel! then it was he thought “he should never be moved!”

What the sword of the Cossack and the Calmuck could not effect, the elements did; and that solid column, bristled with steel, which had been the terror of kings, became stiffened in death by the keen northern blast, and thus at last found a master in the king of terrors; and he who went out a proud and haughty conqueror returned stript of his power and vainglory, and carved for himself on his return track a passage to, and dug his own grave in, St. Helena's wave-worn rock.

Let no one censure the British government for sending Napoleon to his rocky prison; for that government was only the instrument in the design of Omnipotence to work out the good of the moral world.

Thus have we seen that man may rear a lofty column of ambition, and build a Babylon of self-confidence and self-dependence; but there is a



power mightier than he. The cloud-capt tower and the gorgeous palace shall crumble to dust, and the head of the proud lay low with the clods of the valley. The principles of the great universal government will roll sternly and unyieldingly on; they are the same to day as yesterday, and will be forever. "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The whole history of the world to the present moment is a theological history; for no event that has ever taken place but has been immediately connected with the spiritual world. The idea of *profane* history, when applied to intelligences, is a perversion of that term. The history of the world, with its civil and political convulsions—its sufferings and wants—its strugglings for freedom—its periods of moral gloom and Barbarian darkness—are all intimately connected with the moral and spiritual government of Jehovah, equally with the aspirations of the human soul for the good of the race—the songs of the triumph of truth—prophetic inspirations, and Christian illuminations. The world, moral and spiritual, is, and has always been, composed of individual existence; and each individual of the many tribes has had an immortal soul; hence has formed a portion of the great spiritual principle that pervades the whole

realms of immensity. The life of one man is a type of the life of a nation. Each life has been in communion with the race, and has had its happiness and misery, its hope and fear, its disappointment and possession; and so it has ever been with nations. Nothing has been done or come into existence in vain. Out of many a tomb of vice has come a glorious ascension of virtue and human well-being. Therefore, as we have said, the history of the race is a theological history, whether it record martial powers, physical violence, fraud, oppression, rebellion, or death, or love, or benevolence, or peace on earth and good will to man. All have been vastly important, and now form the history of a race that shall be laid up, when this world shall have passed away, in the archives of heaven, for the information of future worlds, and whose influence shall be felt through successive eternities.

Let us view life as we may, it is a mystery. The systems of the past are behind us. A long chain of generations have appeared on "time's eventful sea," and, like bubbles upon the water's surface, have disappeared. They have labored, and we now enter into their labor. They are gone, but the influence of their sentiments and their works remain; their mythologies, and sculpturings, and architecture, and paintings, and poetry—yea, their

very idolatries, we feel now ; and let our condition be what it may, it is intimately connected with theirs. We form but the next link in the eternal chain of progression ; and our sentiments and actions will influence, yea, control the race that will succeed us.

We do not know why we are bound with sorrow, or goaded with perplexity, nor why our life, in many cases, is a series of disappointments. But this we do know, that our present example will be felt, either for good or bad, by the next generation ; and also, that no action, or thought, or sentiment, will be lost, as we have before observed, but weave circles of future influence, either to bless or curse the human world. Therefore we must now do all the good we can ; for in the great eternity before us it is a great mystery how every fibre of human life will answer to nerve, and nerve to muscle, and muscle to cartilage, and cartilage to bone, and the whole sympathize with each other, and with all the movements of the moral and physical world of good and evil, of beauty and harmony. But of this we may be certain, that all, like the different systems of the body, shall be a perfect whole, and result in a grand circle of order and beauty.

But whatever of order, and peace, and goodwill, and love, we have, or even shall have in the

world, may be attributed to that Being whose advent was accompanied with the song of angels, whose life was benevolence and all goodness, at whose death the earth shook and trembled, whose resurrection conquered the powers of death and hell, and whose ascension imparted joy to every Christian heart,—having gone to prepare a place for all who should love him and follow his teachings.

Previous to the advent of this divine Teacher, the world was *dead* in trespasses and sin. A tide of injustice and oppression, and every kind of moral wrong, had set in. The whole world was in rebellion against the laws of the great Creator. The fane and the altar had become corrupt; and the only nation that at all acknowledged the only one God substituted cold formality and dead ceremonial for spiritual worship. Yea, to such an extent had the rebellion grown, that it might have been compared to the infidelity of the world before the flood. Then, an overwhelming baptism, while it destroyed, cleansed the old world—for a time, at least—of its impurity; but now, to save the world, Christ was sent. He came to roll back the filthy and polluted tide of abomination, and set in motion a train of new principles, that should roll on in might and force, until the world should be cleansed of its moral and physical corruption. He came to

set the example how far man could be man, and live under all the evil influences around him, and yet fulfil every law. He came for the enlightenment and the consolation of the future generations of the world. He came as a messenger of peace and love, to comfort the afflicted, heal the broken hearted, and alleviate the pangs of the sick and the dying. His mission was pregnant with blessings, and fully realized the hope of the Church, and confirmed and consummated the prophecies which had been for ages in the train of fulfilment. He came to show the world how God would act were he placed in human circumstances—manifesting in human action what God would have manifested in divine circumstances.

The principles which He taught have been gaining ground from that time to the present; shooting up like brilliant meteors amid the moral darkness which has covered the earth; cheering onward the true disciple to come and dwell within the pure and peaceful vales of a life of kindness, of goodness, of charity, and of love. Thousands, yea, countless hosts, of all ranks and conditions, have answered to the invitations, and walked in the paths which they have pointed out—been saved from a life of sin and corruption, and enabled to shout victory on a bed of death.

Wherever those principles have been introduced,

they have changed the face of society. They have been instant and universal, and essential to the well-being of the universe. They need no eloquence to tell of their dominion and conquest. They stand in the power of their own virtue and truth. They have made a great display of their sovereignty ; for they are now, and have been from the time they were first introduced, the comfort of thousands who have received and justly appreciated them.

And here it shall be remarked, that, in sustaining these principles, it is not necessary that men be reserved, or gloomy, or melancholy, or fearful of smiling, or of imparting cheerfulness, or harmless mirth, or amusement, to others. True Christianity knows of no cold orthodoxy nor sickly sentimentality. Neither is it a *thing* to be sought after in distress only, or on a bed of sickness. But it is a principle to render the whole life cheerful and happy, without reserve, or gloom, or miserable foreboding. It is a principle to actuate the life by stimulating to good deeds, and to be carried out in every transaction ; to regulate the conduct, impart firmness to the moral principle, and strengthen men in love for each other. It consists in returning good for evil, and in all cases substituting the law of love for the law of force. It consists in a submission to the divine will, and, under every circum-

stance of life, being at all times ready to acknowledge the directing and sustaining hand of Him who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

Christianity is not incompatible with exalted intellect, nor with high attainment in politics or morals, or in the arts and sciences; nor with rank, or riches, or station. It is adapted to the happiest state of every condition of life. A man can possess a large fortune, and live in a corresponding style; he can live in a palace, have men-servants and maid-servants, be high in authority and have a great name, and yet be a Christian.

Neither is it necessary that he part with wealth and power, if he have them, to be a Christian; for riches, rank, station, and name, do not militate against the spiritual nature. If the heart is not set on these—and there is no reason or necessity that it should—it will matter but little what may be the *condition* of an individual. We have no rule anywhere to determine how much of wealth, or rank, or name, it be necessary to possess, or not to possess, in order to the possession of a given amount of spirituality. We none of us have so much of honor or worldly goods but we strive for more; and that is right and natural, so long as we use no dishonest means to acquire them, and act strictly according to the golden rule.

To sum all up in a few words, there is no *condition* of life incompatible with true Christianity ; for every degree of intellect, every relation of power and obedience, and of mutual dependence, and in fact every state and condition of human being, are necessary to the harmony of the moral world. Hence the true course for any one to pursue is to do all he can for the good of his fellow-man, and to honor his Maker to the utmost of his moral ability, let him be placed in what circumstances he may. And those who do thus act come nearest to fulfilling the eternal purposes of the great Infinite.

These views of the material, moral, and spiritual universe, it is conceived, form a part of *the* Science of Theology ; and in presenting them the endeavor has not been made to shock any religious prejudice, nor underrate the great atonement, nor any of the divine influences as manifested in the moral world ; but to show that every law, physical as well as moral, and all above, around, and beneath us, are adapted and related to the highest well-being of the human world, and are the emanations of the glory, and wisdom, and love of the Eternal Spirit ; also, that all are under His care, and of course should equally receive our regard and admiration : for every flower of the field manifests his love ; every mountain, sea, and ocean, tells of his majesty ; the orb of night and the glorious sun by day bespeak his



glory; and every harmonious sound reminds us of the harmony of the revolving circles of the spheres. In every physical law may be seen the omnipotence of the great universal Sovereign; and in every moral and spiritual law may be seen and realized his eternal justice and rectitude. Every silent influence of the teaching of the "still small voice" tells us of his constant care and incessant regard for the human family. Every holy aspiration, and good deed, and righteous action, and pure motive, tells of the divine influences of the spiritual nature of man, and of his direct connection with the spiritual world; and even in death, with its pangs and its terrors, His goodness may be seen, in thus throwing over the human world a hallowing and a sacred influence, whereby many of the disjointed elements of the family circle are drawn together and cemented anew, the tumultuous passions of men awed into solemn silence, and the sincerity of motive and disinterestedness of friendship attested.

Indeed, we may search the universe around in vain to find a place, or a state of being, where infinite glory, and wisdom, and love, do not sit enthroned. Yea, from the centre to the circumference of God's vast dominions, all is animated with the evidence of these high attributes, which bespeak an enduring and infinite THEOLOGY.

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

## A LEGEND OF WESTERN NEW-YORK.

BY P. G. PETER SQUIRES.

It is sometimes extreme simplicity that constitutes the strongest point of interest in a story. How far this may be the case with what I am about to relate, it were not modest for the writer to say. There is one point of merit, however, which he confidently claims—and that is *truth*, so far as the outlines are concerned—leaving it to the reader, of course, to make his own allowance for *embellishments*. And if any further evidence were necessary, it could easily be obtained by inquiring, not of the “oldest inhabitant,” but almost any of the residents in that section of country, to whom the tradition is so old and familiar as to have lost its interest.

At the head of that beautiful and fertile region known as the Genesee Valley, which has been justly styled “the garden of the Empire State,” on the ground upon which now stands the romantic and beautiful village of Mount Morris, in Livingston county, and extending some miles west, into

what is now Wyoming county, the scene of our story is laid. And were it necessary here, I would endeavor to give the reader some idea of this delightful spot, which, for loveliness and beauty, in my view at least, exceeds any other upon the face of the wide green earth. Talk of your orange bowers and vine-clad hills of "fair Italia," and "sunny France!"—it may do for poets, but not for dabblers in truthful and sober prose. But who has not visited Western New-York? And who that has done so has failed to be diverted from his pursuit of interest or of pleasure, and to spend a day at least in the bosom of this terrestrial Eden?—casting aside the concerns of business, and the cares which usually load and oppress the heart, and to dwell with emotions of mingled rapture and devotion on the abounding and outspread beauty of Nature, which would almost justify the thought that it had escaped the curse consequent upon the transgression of our first parents?—a loveliness which neither the "hand of art," nor the "march of improvement," has yet been able to destroy.

It is true, the wild and unbroken solitudes of the forest no more reign there; no more is seen the innocent fawn, bounding from brake to brake, or its more wary mother, which came forth from her native thickets at eve to slake her thirst in the waters of the Genesee, or to graze upon the green ver-

ture that grew along its borders ; and no more is seen the red son of the forest, as of yore, save, perchance occasionally a wandering and stricken remnant of what was once a numerous and powerful tribe, prior to the encroachments of the "pale faces," who has returned from the distant place of his banishment and pilgrimage, to gaze for the last time upon the plundered land and heritage of his fathers—to muse in heart-broken sadness over the departed glory of his nation—and to give a last sad tear to the ashes of his sleeping kindred.

Upon a gentle eminence within the region I have described, a few rods from the river, commanding a delightful view of the rocky gorge through which the waters roll with mighty and resistless force, stands at this day a towering and lofty oak, which has withstood the violence of the storm and the tempest for centuries, and yet exhibits no symptoms of decay. Upon one side of this tree, about the height of a man's shoulders from the ground, is seen a deep indentation, in shape resembling a man's hand, with the fingers extended and slightly spread out. Various conjectures have been formed as to the cause of this singular mark ; but all that is known in relation to it is derived from a tradition of the Indians, who, sixty years ago, were the only inhabitants of that section of country.

They believe it to have been made by one of

their noted chiefs and warriors, who was also held in veneration by his tribe as a great prophet. It was during the eventful period of the Revolutionary War, that Wa-ke-ko, (for that was the name of the chief,) on returning from a hunting excursion, found that his camp had been visited by an enemy, his lodge had been burned, and his only child, (a daughter about fourteen years of age, and in whom was centered all the fondness of a father's heart,) slain or carried away captive. The desolate father stood for a moment, apparently unconscious of all else save the black and smoking ruins before him. Emotions of sorrow, hatred, and revenge, alternately swelled his bosom; his lips were compressed, and slightly curled by a bitter smile; his eyes beamed with unearthly fierceness; and the deep lines that wreathed his brow spoke of passions and purposes of desperate and fearful import. He then cast from his shoulder the proud trophy of his rifle, which he had borne for many a weary mile to present to the idol of his heart; broke his pipe into a thousand atoms, and supplied its place in his belt with a tomahawk; plucked the white feather from his hair, and placed in its stead the tail of a panther, bound round with the skin of a huge rattlesnake; and grasping his rifle in one hand, and drawing forth his long war-knife in the other, and casting the sheath into the smoul-

dering ruins of his home, was lost at a bound in the dense forest that skirted the river.

Who had been the author of his wrongs was to Wa-ke-ko a matter of conjecture. He supposed it to have been the work of a rival chief of his own tribe, or a scouting party of the tribe under "Red Jacket," who occupied grounds on the southern borders of the State, and between whom and his own tribe a feud had for some time existed. To ascertain who had committed the deed, and gratify his thirst for revenge, was the work to which he devoted himself with all the savage energy of his character. He soon learned that his suspicions of the "Red Jackets" were not unfounded; and that his daughter was not slain, but had been transferred to the custody of a young American officer, who had seen and became deeply interested in the fair forest-maid. Indeed, the impression she had made upon him was too deep to be easily effaced; and instead of returning her to her people, as was his first intention, he determined on detaining her. Nor was this a matter of surprise; for Violet seemed a creature formed but to be loved. Though fresh from the hand of Nature, and destitute of the embellishments of art or education, there was an attractiveness about her which all the refinements of civilization could not impart. And as the young officer looked upon the fair form of his youthful

prisoner—her delicate foot and ankle, bound in a moccasin of the wild deer-skin, fancifully trimmed with beads, peering from beneath her native costume—her slender and tapering fingers, as she twined the wild-flowers in her hair, which fell in dark clusters over her neck and bosom, revealing more fully the voluptuous loveliness it in vain attempted to conceal—the crimson flush that mingled with the olive upon her cheek—her well-formed mouth, her large dark eye, and expansive forehead—he resolved that, regardless of consequences, henceforth she should be his own.

The kind treatment and devoted attention of Col. Williston soon gained the confidence and artless affections of the Forest Flower. Time flew on, and the intimacy of the lovers increased, and their affection strengthened, until they were happy only in each other's society.

Orders at length came for the regiment under Col. Williston to repair, without delay, to Lake Erie, to join the American forces in that quarter in defence of the western frontier. A wild unsettled country was to be traversed; and preparations were immediately made for marching. But what was to be done with the affianced bride? It was finally resolved that she should accompany the expedition; and ample arrangements were accordingly made for her accommodation.

The Indian maiden knew that the line of march would be through the hunting grounds of her native tribe. This gave her much uneasiness; as she well knew that, if her father should become acquainted with the approach of the whites in time to summon his warriors, a desperate encounter would ensue. And even could a hostile collision be avoided, she dreaded to risk a meeting with her father; for, while filial love and duty urged her to fly to, and embrace him, she knew the tidings of her intended union with the "pale face" had reached his ears; and she could not encounter his anger. She, however, remained silent, and held frequent and devout communion with the "Great Spirit" that all might be well.

Four days had Col. Williston and his regiment prosecuted their fatiguing march. On the morning of the fifth they approached the Genesee Valley near the point I have before described. The labor of fording the river had scarcely been accomplished, and the ranks begun to form on the opposite shore, when the terrific war-cry of the savage, mingled with the sharp report of a thousand rifles, broke forth from the surrounding underwood. A moment more, and every leaf in the forest appeared to glitter with the unsheathed knife and deadly tomahawk. Short was the conflict, but terrible the carnage. The Indians fought with unusual



desperation; while in the thickest of the combat, and towering above all others, was seen the stalwart form of Wa-ke-ko, urging on his companions and dealing slaughter around at every blow. The whites recovered partially from the confusion occasioned by the suddenness of the attack, and rallied to the charge with becoming spirit. But they were soon overpowered by superior numbers, and the most of them cut to pieces upon the ground;—some making their escape by fleeing to the thickets, some by swimming the river, and others being swept away and drowned in making the attempt.

Col. Williston was among the first who fell. His skull was cleft in sunder by a blow from the hand of the infuriated chief. He was found by a party of hunters on the following day, still alive, and carried to the nearest settlement, where, by the greatest care and attention, he finally recovered.

After the battle, Wa-ke-ko and his warriors retired to an eminence a short distance farther up the river, where a council was immediately convened beneath the branches of an immense oak. Each warrior had assumed his place; every eye was fixed upon the same object; and silence—intense silence—reigned for a moment, when Wa-ke-ko rose up in the midst of his assembled braves, and thus addressed them:—

“Brothers, hear my voice. I speak to you for

the last time. My tongue cannot tell how much my heart thanks you. The enemy came and burned my wigwam, and carried away my daughter—all for which I cared to live. I told you my wrongs. You joined me to be avenged. When I pointed to the enemy, you knew no fear. Pale-faces know how to be cowards. I shall lead you no more to battle. I shall soon go to the land of the Great Spirit, and spread my blanket and build my wigwam beyond the great waters, where there is no more sundown. The pale-face cannot come there, and there will be no more war. When the next hunting season returns, I shall be away—the new moon will not shine on me. I cannot live here, for the white man hath stolen my treasure—the Wild Flower is dead, and will not bloom again. Brothers, hear my voice. I know my people are weak, but this tree shall not wither till they are strong again. Talk often with the Great Spirit when I am away. I am going. Brothers, farewell!”

The voice of the chief ceased, and all was again silent. His form was still erect, with one hand extended against the tree, and the other elevated toward the west, in a beckoning attitude.

The quick eye of the Indian soon discovered the truth. The spirit of the noble chief had departed. And yet, though cold in death, he stood erect, with

all the apparent dignity of his nature; and his countenance, though haggard and distorted, beamed with a smile of contempt for the conquest of his last enemy—Death.

Upon removing the body from its position, the tree, where the hand pressed it, was found to be marked as before described, where it has ever since remained without alteration; except, as is asserted, to change its place on the tree from a due west to near the east side, where it now appears;—having passed about half way round the trunk. And the Indians believe that when it shall have performed the entire circuit, their chief will return, call together again the scattered remnant of the nation, and take possession again of their ancient inheritance.

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Upwards of half a century had passed away, when a carriage, containing an aged and gray-headed man, was seen near the spot where the above events took place. It stopped near the mysterious oak tree, and the old man alighted. He wished to visit a spot of which he had heard so much, and in which he had reason to feel so deep an interest. Thought after thought of the past flitted rapidly across the old veteran's mind, as he viewed the scenes of his early peril and disaster; and as he reflected upon the wonderful mutations

which Time had wrought in all things around him, indescribable emotions agitated his bosom, a tear trembled in his eye, and an involuntary exclamation was upon his lips, when a rustling as of a foot-step was heard at a short distance, and, on looking up, he saw the form of an aged woman, of dark complexion and stately step, approaching. He at first thought of retiring; but as he did not appear to be observed, he remained silent. She advanced within a few paces of the spot where the old man stood ere she was aware of his presence, when, suddenly looking up, she beheld him before her. She was startled for a moment, and would have fled; but the old man addressed her in a respectful tone, and apologized as well as his own embarrassment would allow. There was something in his voice which arrested her attention, and thrilled through her heart like a sweet strain of music from the past. She turned, and fixing her large dark eyes upon him, stood silent for an instant, and then, rushing forward and embracing him, she wildly exclaimed,

“Col. Williston! Col. Williston!”

The old veteran shrunk back in surprise, saying,

“That is my name, Madam; but what is your business with me? I do not know you.”

“Do not know me!” she exclaimed; “then you are false, as I have been told all white men are.

I am Violet, the daughter of Wa-ke-ko, the Wild Flower of the Genesee." And then, in a changed tone of voice, she added, "No, no—I am but the withered stem,—the flower hath fallen away!"

He looked for a moment upon the blanched features of the agitated woman, while feelings of doubt and of conviction alternately filled his mind. At length, fixing upon her a more intense gaze than before, he assured himself that it was not a phantom, and the next moment they were clasped in each other's embrace, and tears of joy flowed freely from the eyes of both.

I shall not trespass upon the patience of the reader by a relation of the history of the Colonel and his long-lost bride during the period of their separation—the mystery of her preservation on the day of battle, or non-appearance afterwards—but leave them seated beside the old oak tree, to indulge in their own reflections, and to render each other a mutual account of their vicissitudes and adventures.

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

THE END.

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